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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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KATRINA S——.

DROWNED IN EAST RIVER, BROOKLYN, JANUARY 30, 1871.

SEVEN o'clock of a midwinter's night!
Over the earth the snow lies white;
Down from above the stars shine bright,
Flooding two cities with spotless light—
Vast New York, with her pride and power,
Growing and greatening every hour;
Brooklyn, crowned with her hundred spires,
City of homes and of household fires—
Rough East River between them, wide,
Rushes and whitens with ocean's tide,
Where a thousand ships in a day sweep by,
And the great steam ferry-boats ceaseless ply,
Backward and forward, night and day,
Bearing their thousands to work or play.

Seven o'clock! Toil's hours are o'er.
Home from New York how the people pour!
Thousands on thousands! Merchant and clerk,
Students, mechanics, men of all work;
Rich men and poor men, young men and old—
Those who were selling, and those who were sold;
Ladies from shopping, and work-girls, and boys;
Mourners to sorrows, and lovers to joys;
Mingled and motley, the mighty throng
Surges and swells like a torrent along,
Thronging the ferry ways, boat after boat,
Cabins and decks, till they scarcely can float—
Black with their cargoes from stem to stern:
Horror! to think should one blow up or burn!

Keen blows the north wind; the tide runs high;
Crunching and grinding, the ice drifts by;
Crashing and dashing and churning to foam
The ice and the river, the boats fly home.
Here they go, there they go—up the stream, down the stream;
Wild through the darkness their wheels and their lanterns gleam;
Here the *Cayuga* steams into her slip,
Safe from her tenth or her twentieth trip,
With a crowd the compactest she's carried to-day,
From Grand Street, New York, to Brooklyn's Broadway.

See! see! as through tide-way and ice-drift she plows,
How the throngs in impatience rush out on her bows!
Not a gate! not a railing! But one paltry chain
'Twixt the hundreds on deck and the salt, surging main!
Not cattle were risked so, not oxen, nor swine!
Great Father! how cheap is Thine image divine!
Hark! Shrieks from the crowd! By the dock-lamp's red flash,
One glimpse, as a form flutters down with a splash!
"Woman sprang overboard!" "Overboard?" "Where?"
"Woman sprang overboard!" "Overboard!" "There!"
There! where the strong current eddies and swirls!
There! where the boiling deep tumbles and whirls!
Like a snow-flake she sinks in the yeast of the wave!
Clang the bells! Back the engines! Save! save her! oh, save!

Kind Heaven! in that throng is there not one brave man
To leap and strike out as a strong swimmer can,
And buffet the flood with a stout heart of hope,
While cowards are fumbling for grapnels and rope?—
Not one! The great boat seems to throb with the shock,
As she reels from the spring-piles and swings to her dock;
Then the clank of the windlass, the rush for the gate,
And the drowning one's left to the boatmen—and fate!
But the sea-nymphs are tender, and yield back her form
To the world whence she fled as a bird from the storm.
Name and number!—Katrina!—a German; young, fair;
Neatly dressed, comely form, mild blue eyes, auburn hair;
A gold ring with rubies, gold ear-rings, gold cross:
Oh, the Cross! Had she clung to it, never this loss!

"Why was *this?*" Come with me—Ewen Street, eighty-four;
"Lodgings let, in the rear." Climb the stairs, second-floor.
Here's her room, neat as wax, as she left it at dawn,
Her chair at the window, the curtains of lawn,
A table, a mirror, a new magazine
In German—taste, tidiness every where seen—
An ink-holder, paper, a note on the stand,
In the Fatherland's tongue and a fine woman's hand:
Hark! "What brings me to this is the falseness of one
Who has broken his vows, and has left me undone!
Tell my father beloved, in Bohemia dear,
That I died nature's death. To obliging friends here,
Kind wishes for all;—and, oh, pray God to screen
The soul, the poor soul, of heart-broken Katrine!"

Gone! gone!—"Willful suicide," coroners said,
With a hint at the shame from whose coming she fled,
Despairing, yet loving, wild, agony-wrung,
Till her form to the dark, freezing river she flung;
And two hearts grew silent beneath its black wave,
To slumber forever in one nameless grave.

"One suicide more," in the ghastly array,
Told, but not told, in the papers next day;
Only one more in the catalogue sad
Of "weak, silly women, who've gone to the bad."
So says the world, as it thunders along,
Crushing the weak, but exalting the strong,
While this dread record of blood-guilt and fear
Grows with all seasons, and swells with each year!
Here a poor girl draws her dagger, and dies;
There a young brain from a pistol-shot flies;
Some to the river, and some to the flame,
Flee from an anguish too fearful to name;
Some with the poison-cup, some with the cord,
Hurry uncalled to the face of the Lord;
While hundreds and thousands, o'erwhelmed by earth's frown,
Are trodden, like snow, in the mire of the town;
Admired and betrayed, and then trampled when down,
Till in frightful revenge for her wrong and disgrace,
With a fiend in her brain, and a leer on her face,
The victim turns vampire—the wolf of her race.

O God, must this be? Must creation's last birth,
Its flower and perfection, the light of the earth,
The envy of angels, man's glory and pride,
Created to mount through the spheres by his side,

"CLANG THE BELLS! BACK THE ENGINES! SAVE! SAVE HER! OH, SAVE!"

A spirit immortal, from purity hurled,
Thus perish, or linger to canker the world?—
O Thou from whose presence one lost one of yore,
Unstoned, was sent forth as a sinner no more—
Saved, rescued from infamy, cleansed and forgiven,
Restored to life's hopes and the pathway to heaven—
Teach us Thy sweet mercy that stooped from above;
Help us to save others by pureness and love;
Purge us all. Then once more man and woman shall stand,
As in Eden, and worship the Lord, hand in hand.

GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1871.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *sent out with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a splendid full-page Cartoon by* NAST, *entitled,* "CAPITAL AND LABOR; OR, PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE;" *an illustrated account of a* JOURNEY TO THE COUNTRY OF THE ALPACA; *an article on the* PYTHON, *with a spirited illustration; and other attractive features.*

POLITICAL DUTY.

UPON taking the chair as President of the Union League Club of this city, Mr. WILLIAM J. HOPPIN made an admirable speech, which is well worthy the consideration of every good citizen. It was naturally suggested by the position and purpose of a political club composed of educated and prosperous men, and "founded upon the idea that the possession of wealth and the refinements of education do not absolve a man from duty to the state." This text was most forcibly and eloquently treated; and one sentence might be fitly wrought in gold as an ornament of the stately drawing-room of the club: "The theory of self-government rests entirely upon the active participation of the best citizens in public affairs." It is a familiar truth, but it is not carried in the heart of the people. Every body knows educated and intelligent men who constantly complain of the low character of many public officers and the sordidness of government. "Why should I vote?" asks such a man: "It is only a choice between two rascals." But if you ask him in return whether he has done the first and plainest duty of a citizen by endeavoring to control the nominations wisely, he is as much amazed as if you had asked him if he had cleaned his own drains.

But duties and responsibilities go together. "No right without its duties, no duty without its rights," says Dr. LIEBER. The political duty of an American citizen begins at the beginning, and the beginning is the nomination, and the thought and care before the nomination. The election is a mere form. It is the confirmation and registration of previous acts. If a man leaves his interest and his action until he comes to the polls, he may find himself compelled to burn down his house in order to roast his pig. He may be obliged to help overthrow the supremacy of his party that he may defeat a candidate. No man familiar with political methods will wish to connive at so clumsy and perilous a process. If Republicans, for instance, leave the earlier movements of an election—the caucus, the primary, and the nomination—to be directed by rogues, the only way to baffle the knavery will be to secure the defeat of the party, which may be a disaster for the State or country. Yet the one thing which an honest and sagacious party man will refuse to do is to vote for an improper candidate under the bullying cry of regular nomination. For such a vote merely secures other improper nominations, and such nominations will, of course, and justly, destroy the party. If the voter has taken no care, and the candidate is unfit, although the voter may vote against him, he has not done all his duty, and is responsible for the calamity that may follow the defeat of his party. But if he has done what he can, although in vain, to prevent a bad nomination, he has no further responsibility than to help defeat the candidate at the polls.

If it be true, as is sometimes asserted, that intelligent and honest men will not trouble themselves to attend the primary and the caucus and the convention, then honest government under a republic is impracticable, because those who understand the conditions of good free government so imperfectly, or who care for it so little, will not be likely to be fastidious at the polls. They are, indeed, the very kind of men upon whom the knavish managers depend. They can be trusted to vote the regular ticket, and to leave the nominations to those who are willing to take the trouble. In fact, it is the man who complains that voting is merely a choice between two rascals who makes it so. Why did he not acquit himself of blame by protesting in the convention by word and by vote against rascally nominations?

A striking proof of the good result of what Mr. HOPPIN calls "the active participation of the best citizens in public affairs" was lately given in Richmond County, in this State. The town of Castleton in that county has a Democratic majority; but last year when a gentleman of the highest character was nominated by the Republicans, many of the most intelligent Democrats supported him, and he was elected. This year, pursuing the same policy, the Republicans, when the present incumbent declined, nominated another gentleman most honorably known in the town, and the Democrats were constrained to do the same thing. The consequence was that both candidates were unimpeachable, and every voter felt, as he ought always to feel at an election, that, whoever might be elected, the town was sure of an honest, faithful, and efficient officer. In a mere party view also it had this advantage, that the party organization was fully maintained, which, under our system, is essential to great political results. Nothing is plainer than that this kind of honesty is the best policy. The "discipline" of party is very powerful, but character is sure to tell. Nobody knows this better than the most peccable politicians. The most skillful stroke of stategy in the career of FERNANDO WOOD was his procuring scores of decent and honorable merchants to recommend his election as mayor. How valuable to the present masters of the city is the mere name of the respected PETER COOPER!

Apathy and despair make the voter feel that nothing can be done. But the better the man the better the candidate. How the Administration was strengthened by the selection of the San Domingo commission! How it was weakened by the nomination of General SICKLES! Probity and purity are as powerful in politics as they are in every sphere of human activity. The reputation of an honest and able candidate will do more for party success than the shrewdest bargaining of the most corrupt and "knowing" sneak. Bad men will not give us a good government merely because they are nominated by "our party." Nor can they be ingeniously circumvented. There is one thing, and one thing only, that will make our government preferable to any other, and that is, in Mr. HOPPIN's phrase, "the active participation of the best citizens in public affairs." That does not by any means necessarily imply holding office, although that, also, under certain circumstances, may be as much a duty as voting; but it does imply that the best citizens must submit to the trouble, the sacrifice, the distaste, that are inseparable from the familiarity with men and affairs which is indispensable to the right discharge of political duty.

A FRENCH REPUBLIC.

THE elections in France show, what every shrewd observer had supposed, that the dominant sentiment of the country is not republican. But the fact is neither surprising nor discouraging, because the traditions of a republic, and the intelligence and methods of those who call themselves republicans in France, inspire neither admiration nor confidence. Republic in that country has always been the expression of a mere political aspiration. In the minds of most Frenchmen it is associated with '93 and the terror, with a kind of ferocious communism and sanguinary intolerance. Yet its first outburst in 1789 was the inevitable result of the incredible oppression of the people; nor is it ever to be forgotten that the old BOURBON royal *régime* was responsible for the terror, the days of September, the guillotine, and the *noyades*. And it was the secret horror of a renewal of that time and its scenes which placed LOUIS PHILIPPE upon the throne in 1830, when otherwise a republic would have been established, after the foolish tyranny of CHARLES the Tenth.

During LOUIS PHILIPPE's reign the tone of the national mind was so far restored that when the storm burst which overthrew his throne the old fear was partially pacified, and a republic was again declared. But the formidable development of the socialist element in the republican party, of which PRUDHOMME's famous work, "Property is Theft," was the gospel, not only weakened and ruined the experiment, but once more covered the name republic with the old odium. What socialism really meant France was too terrified to inquire, and LOUIS NAPOLEON perjured himself, and overthrew the republic under the name of "the savior of society," which was declared to be threatened in its integral elements. Since the 2d of December, 1851, there has been no evidence of a practical and practicable republican party in France; M. THIERS, for instance, who has been a leader of the opposition to the empire, being an Orleanist, and not a republican.

The experience of France, and our own long and desperate political contest—ending in tremendous war, upon the question, so preposterous in a republic, of the absolute slavery of part of the population—have greatly dispelled the glamour which formerly invested the mere name of republic. Intelligent persons see that names in politics are not enough. Those in this country, for instance, who most despise the people and distrust popular government usually call themselves Democrats. The most servile apologists of the late French empire, and those who sympathized most warmly with British toryism during the rebellion, were of the same kind. To a faithful government of the people, which shall secure the utmost individual liberty, something very different from a name is necessary; and it is not to be doubted that those who are called distinctively republicans in the present National Assembly in France would probably propose a form of government which would least secure the fundamental rights of the people. The central idea of the more conspicuous republican leaders has been a single popular assembly, elected by universal male suffrage, sitting in Paris, and appointing an executive chief, who should be immediately responsible to it. That is to say, the mob of Paris should be the French government.

It was that mob, calling itself the people of France, which made what has recently been called the republic. And for that authority American sympathy has been strenuously invoked, not because it was founded upon the will of the people, for it constantly refused to allow the people to speak, but merely because it called itself a republic. It is certainly no reproach to M. JULES FAVRE and his associates that, when the only existing authority was displaced, they stood between the country and anarchy. Nor are they to be blamed that what they did was done in the name of a republic. Their faults were of another kind, and chief of all that their refusal to appeal to the people alienated confidence, and justified the most injurious suspicions. In 1848 the Provisional Government instantly summoned the National Assembly, and in the interval its conduct of affairs was so sagacious that it commended the name of republic to the trust and hope of the country.

If the present experiment of a republic has failed, it is, for many reasons; and prominent among them is the evident distrust of the truest republicans of those who lead the movement. If a republic is not established, it will not show France to be reactionary; for the election seems to prove that the pinchbeck empire has happily disappeared, and that the French people have had the good sense to prefer the party which promises best for a wise and progressive government.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

THE general interest both in New York and Boston in the establishment of museums of art shows that our knowledge and resources are at last ripe for such institutions. The undertaking in this city took form about a year ago by the incorporation of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, naming as corporators many citizens conspicuous for their liberality and public spirit, whose active sympathy and co-operation were very properly believed to be ample security of the success of the enterprise. These gentlemen have been busily organizing during the year, and have already made and received large subscriptions, although no general public appeal has been yet attempted; and, indeed, few even of those indicated as likely to subscribe have been yet visited. There have been interviews also with the proper authorities in regard to sites and buildings, and there is little doubt that the project will receive the most cordial aid in official circles.

Indeed, there is no one who thinks of it who does not feel that a great museum of the scope proposed, whose hospitable doors will open wide to every notable work in every kind of art, will be a vast and invaluable gallery of instruction and delight and refinement, not to the city alone, but to the whole country. The time also is most favorable. The war in Europe, like all the great modern wars, has brought precious collections into the market; and one gentleman interested in the museum, and the earnestness and sagacity of whose interest may be cited as an illustration of the spirit with which the project is entertained, while traveling in Europe during the last summer partly secured two curious and complete collections upon most favorable terms, with the expectation that they might be serviceable to the museum.

The general plan of the gentlemen who are most active in the movement is, as we understand, to raise a certain sum by private subscription, and then, with suitable assistance from the authorities, to begin the erection of a building and the collection of material. Meanwhile, as an earnest of their purpose, and in illustration of the rich stores already among us although unknown, there would probably be a loan exhibition—an exhibition of objects of art in every kind loaned for the purpose by the owners. Such an exhibition would develop and educate the taste and interest upon which such a museum must constantly depend. It would also encourage that noble form of public spirit which seeks to share enjoyment with the greatest number, by providing a gallery in which the most beautiful, the most curious, and the most interesting works could be most advantageously seen and studied by the most observers. Every generous man in New York or in the country, who owns some really unique treasure of art, must often regret its necessary isolation in his own house. A loan exhibition, and still more strongly the completed museum, would constantly persuade him to share his riches with others, knowing that such generosity, like true love,

"—In this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away."

Of course it is not a gallery of pictures only, or of sculpture, that the plan of the museum contemplates. What Mr. JARVES calls the minor arts of the Oriental nations, which they have curiously perfected, would be amply represented for the study of our own designers and manufacturers. Works in porcelain, bronze, metals, enamel, lacquer, glass, gems, jewelry, terra-cotta, iron, tapestry, ancient and modern, and with which most famous names are associated, all belong in such a museum, with the noblest monuments of the highest genius. It is precisely the refining, elevating, æsthetically stimulating influence that our life needs. Boston is thoroughly aroused to the work, and New York will not falter. The great TOSTI collection of engravings, owned by Mr. THOMAS G. APPLETON, and deposited in the City Library, in Boston; the magnificent GRAY collection, belonging to Harvard College; the LAWRENCE collection of medieval armor and quaint cabinet-work, now in the Boston Athenæum—will all be deposited in the Boston Museum.

For it is the genius of such an enterprise to collect and concentrate treasures. There are enough in New York to-day, which a loan exhibition will reveal, to astonish and delight us all. Messrs. TIFFANY & Co. generously offered rooms in their spacious new building upon Union Square for the purpose; but the plans of the trustees were not yet completed enough to permit them to accept. But the sign of good-will is significant. Indeed, every thing is full of good augury; and we may be very sure that if so noble an enterprise fails in the hands that have undertaken it, it is because the most sagacious observation is at fault, and New York is not yet ready to grace herself with what is one of the chief glories of every other great metropolis in the world.

THE PATRIOTIC BUCHANAN CABINET.

THE people of the United States can not too soon nor too seriously reflect upon certain facts which show the character and real tendency of the parties which will contest the Presidency in 1872. On the 4th of December, 1860, Mr. BUCHANAN sent his annual message to Congress, in which he said that he had arrived at the conclusion that Congress had no "power to coerce into submission a State which is attempting to withdraw, or has actually withdrawn, from the confederacy." That is to say, the Union has no constitutional right to prevent its own dissolution. The Attorney-General at that time was Mr. JEREMIAH S. BLACK; and in an opinion dated on the 20th of November, 1860, he sustained the President's position, and significantly asked, "Is any portion of the people bound to contribute their money or their blood to carry on a contest like that?" On the 14th of December LEWIS CASS, Secretary of State, resigned, and Mr. JEREMIAH S. BLACK was appointed to the State Department in his place.

Mr. JEREMIAH S. BLACK and the New York *World* are laboriously endeavoring to establish what the *World* calls the "infamy" of Secretary STANTON. The *World* also claims to be of advanced Democratic principles, and occasionally urges its party to accept the situation. This is the way in which the *World* speaks of Mr. BLACK and the BUCHANAN cabinet before the changes.

"Now be it understood that of Mr. BLACK's fidelity to the Union, the Constitution, and the true interests of the country we have never had a doubt. We think, and no doubt he thinks, that he made a terrible mistake when he obtruded, 'caused to be appointed,' Messrs. STANTON and HOLT into Mr. BUCHANAN's disturbed but, before that, homogeneous and honest cabinet. We can perfectly understand why, having done so, and tasted or seen others taste its bitter fruits, he may feel that sort of self-reproach which a generous temper even in merited disappointment acknowledges."

Mr. BLACK's fidelity to the Union is recorded in Mr. BUCHANAN's message, and in his own opinion. His devotion to the true interests of the country is illustrated in his willingness to surrender absolutely to the rebellion of slavery against the government. The *World* thinks that he made "a terrible mistake" in favoring the appointment of Mr. HOLT and Mr. STANTON, who, with General DIX, were the only loyal members of the cabinet.

It was undoubtedly a "terrible mistake" in the interests of treason and rebellion to introduce loyal men into that nest of traitors, the BUCHANAN cabinet, but in no other view. This cabinet, which the *World* extols as homogeneous and honest, and which it thinks a generous temper would be self-reproached for having disturbed by patriotic additions, was made up of Mr. JEREMIAH S. BLACK, the author of the opinion; of HOWELL COBB, whose financial conduct while plotting the rebellion is familiar; of JOHN B. FLOYD and JACOB THOMPSON and ISAAC TOUCEY, all of them chief conspirators and abettors of rebellion. If Mr. BLACK was faithful to the Union, the Constitution, and the true interests of the country, so were they; and the *World* has "never had a doubt" of his patriotic devotion.

These are the deliberate convictions of those who hope to obtain control of the government of the United States. Whatever their professions, these are their principles. They are not inferred—they are declared; and we repeat that they are worthy the thoughtful consideration of every truly conservative citizen.

HONEST ELECTIONS.

HONEST elections are the concern of no party, but of the people; and there is no subject upon which all citizens should so heartily agree as upon a stringent law to secure the purity of the polls. The duty of Congress to pass such a law, that the fundamental authority in the government may be beyond question, is imperative. When experience has shown that in any part of the country the electoral frauds are so enormous as to throw suspicion upon the results of the elections, it would be a criminal neglect of duty if Congress should fail to protect the rights of the citizen. The cries of "usurpation," "despotism," "bayonet elections," are simply silly. It is the right of every American citizen to demand, and the duty of Congress to give, the amplest defense against dishonest national elections; and every man who opposes the most decisive legislation upon the subject is justly liable to the most damaging suspicion.

Ever since the Republican party obtained the ascendency in this country rebels, Copperheads, and traitors of every kind have raised a loud shout of unconstitutionality, centralization, and tyranny. It might be supposed that they really thought the people of the United States would believe that the only people who respected the Constitution were those who tried to destroy the Union of which it is the bond, and that the only enemies of tyranny were those who plunged us into civil war because they could not extend and perpetuate the most inhuman system of slavery. And now, in the Senate, General FRANK BLAIR expounds the Constitution, and denounces despotism to Senators TRUMBULL and SUMNER; while in the House Mr. VOORHEES, whose sympathies in the rebellion were not concealed, stigmatizes General GRANT as a man "to be watched;" and Mr. COX, who was the chief champion of VALLANDIGHAM as Governor of Ohio after he had been sent for treason within the enemy's lines, and who declared at Chicago that LINCOLN and DAVIS should be brought to the same block, threatens the resistance of New York to the United States if Congress undertakes to secure its own honest election.

The Republican party in Congress and in the country has weathered stormier blasts than these in its defense of popular liberty. The same men who hiss and curl around it now, because it proposes to deal with the most flagrant frauds at the polls, struck at it fiercely when it was dealing with armed rebellion in the field. Let Congress remember that the Republican policy of equal liberty, and of honest elections as its guarantee, is intrenched in the profoundest convictions of the intelligent American people. The attitude of the Democratic party is one of carping and malignant misrepresentation, while it questions the validity of the amendments, and in every way honors and laments the cause and the soldiers of rebellion. It unquestionably carried the State of New York by fraud in 1868, and it hopes to carry the United States by the same means in 1872. The methods which it pursues lead as directly and surely to civil commotion as its ruthless policy of slavery extension twenty years ago. The people of the United States would hardly submit to a government which they believed to be the result of fraud, and consequently the worst kind of usurpation; and the first duty of good citizens, therefore, of every party, is to demand laws which shall secure, as far as practicable, that rightful votes only shall be honestly cast and honestly counted.

THE DOWRY OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

THE hostility recently shown in England to granting a dowry to the Princess LOUISE upon her marriage with the Marquis of Lorne is a curious sign of the times. It means simply impatience of a royal system. But instead of feeling that the marriage of a royal princess with a subject is the most striking illustration of the fading glamour of royalty, a certain public opinion seems to have demanded some positive expression, like the refusal of a dowry. Members of Parliament and of the Government were summoned in meetings, which they addressed, to state whether they would vote for the dowry or against it. The audiences took a decided position, and hissed those who did not respond according to their humor. At Bradford Mr. FORSTER was reported as saying, jocosely, that he would not fine the Princess for marrying a Scotchman; and some members almost lost the confidence of their constituents because they refused to pledge themselves to vote against the dowry. In one view the excitement was comical, because it showed such a total want of comprehension by Englishmen of their own government. It was certainly a most amusing comment upon Mr. BAGEHOT'S remark that "a royal family sweetens politics by the seasonable addition of nice and pretty events." The marriage of the Princess LOUISE is a nice and pretty event which is apparently not a drop of "lucent sirop."

The argument of the street and the shop is evident. "Here is England," said the orator of the Trades Union, for instance, "with every seventh man a pauper; with the land held by less than fifty thousand proprietors, and honest men and women every where willing to work, but starving. Why should enormous sums of money be paid to support one woman and her family in the most luxurious idleness? It is an intolerable injustice." And the company, with a vehement Amen, adjourned to the hall where the member of Parliament was to speak, and they demanded whether he intended to connive at the flagrant injustice. It is the feeling of this class which makes the difficulty, and the explanation of the case does not satisfy them. The orator, if he did not wholly evade their question, would have said: "Gentlemen, you are really asking me whether I mean to maintain the British government, or am prepared to vote for its overthrow. Are you yourselves prepared for that result? Our government is a monarchy, in which the monarch is a ceremony, indeed, but he is essential to the system. What is called 'state' is indispensable to the ceremony; and such is the character of the system that it is probably cheaper for you to pay to maintain that ceremony than to save your money by abolishing it. When Parliament votes a dowry to the Princess LOUISE, it merely votes to maintain a permanent executive as it should be maintained under the conditions of our society and the general feeling. The vote has no reference whatever to that young woman. The money is given to her not because she is young, or good, or fair, but because it is for our interest that there should be princesses, and we have decided that she shall be a princess. If you oppose the grant, therefore, you must do it not upon the ground that she does not deserve the money, or that other people are poor, but because you wish to abolish princesses."

The question of the Princess LOUISE'S dowry, therefore, was one of the comparative expense of a monarchical and a republican government. But the fact that there was a popular protest against it which members of Parliament could not disregard upon the hustings shows that the political revolution in England, of which the Reform bills of 1832 and of 1868 are victorious monuments, is still proceeding. The time has come for English statesmen to teach their masters, as Mr. LOWE contemptuously said. The English people should be shown that the fact of their government is essentially different from its theory. The Queen is not the august sovereign that they believe her to be—the monarch responsible for the laws and the taxes. She is as much a mere figure-head as those they see in the barbers' windows. She is a fiction, an imagination. The actual government of England is a committee of the majority of the House of Commons. Mr. BAGEHOT says that people can not comprehend government by an assembly, but they do understand government by a man. What people? In America we understand our system very well. There is no elaborate and conscious deception in it. It is not a monarch with a glamour of regality, it is individual responsibility, which is the important point in the government of intelligent people. And as the royal glamour disappears, as it plainly does in a day of photographs, and queens' journals, and the marriage of a princess with a subject, and a free press, the English people will ask whether the stately sham of monarchy is either necessary or economical. But meanwhile, as the monarchy remains, the Princess LOUISE has very properly received her dowry.

THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

IT is a very ridiculous fact that the chief city upon this continent can not have a proper Post-office. If its Common Council met in a cheese-monger's attic it would not be more ludicrously unfit than that it should have no other Post-office accommodations than those of the old Dutch church in which they now are. So hopelessly inadequate for the proper business of the Post-office is the present little room that we understand some of the clerks are delegated to the offices of certain journals of large circulation by mail, for the purpose of doing the work which should be done at the Post-office. There is, indeed, no great city in this country, nor in any other, which has so mean accommodation for its postal service; and whenever our rural friends wish to bring the proud New Yorker to terms, we advise them to ask to be shown to the metropolitan Post-office. It is the divided glory of the city and of the nation. A government building of such noble proportions and such ample accommodations as the poor old church is as perpetual a credit to the intelligence as it is to the public spirit of Congress.

We do not forget, of course, that there is an extraordinary disturbance of the lower end of the City Hall Park, which is supposed to be the beginning of a new Post-office. But that is wholly a matter of faith. There was some activity in that neighborhood a year ago, but a high fence has now been built, apparently to inclose a certain space of silence and solitude. There are occasional reports from Washington that something is about to be done—some appropriation is about to be made—some decision is about to be reached. But meanwhile profound silence reigns at the point of the Park, and the postal business of New York continues to be put out to be transacted in private offices when it is not done in the spacious postal halls at the corner of Nassau and Liberty streets—halls which, although magnificent, would yet be inadequate to a city of a tenth of the size of this.

The latest report that we have seen upon the subject of the new Post-office is that the committee, or the commissioners, insist upon a guarantee that the building shall be absolutely fire-proof, and that no contractor cares to give it. It would seem that some approximate security of safety might satisfy the authorities; and, certainly, we hope that New York is not to be much longer deprived of a suitable Post-office, and that the delays and extravagances in the erection of the national building at the lower end of the Park will not rival the scandalous jobs of the municipal building at the upper end.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

ONE of the most interesting scientific novelties of the day is the discovery of a true bone cave, near Phœnixville, Pennsylvania, by Mr. C. M. WHEATLEY. The remains of animals, all extinct, are quite abundant and varied, and include bones of mastodon, horse, mylodon, and other forms, and are in great part entirely new to science.

In a previous Number of our paper we mentioned the fact that an expedition of students from Williams College had gone to Honduras for the purpose of making explorations in natural history. Late advices inform us that they had reached the table-land of Comayagua, and were about proceeding to the Pacific coast.

Captain C. F. HALL is busily engaged in fitting out his vessel for his next summer's cruise, and will be amply provided with every thing necessary for his comfort and the success of his enterprise. It is understood that Dr. DAVID WALKER, the well-known companion of Sir LEOPOLD M'CLINTOCK during his expedition on the *Fox* in search of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, will accompany Captain HALL, in charge of the scientific department.

The region bordering upon the Black Sea has long been known to be full of antiquarian treasures of the highest interest, as evinced by the superb reports published from time to time at the expense of the Russian government. A late exploration of the peninsula of Toman, situated between the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov, in continuation of previous researches, has brought to light many striking objects, particularly of those belonging to a past period of Greek art, and consisting of gold ornaments, sarcophagi, terra-cotta statuettes, etc.

We have already referred to the explorations made during the past summer in the Western Territories of the United States by the parties of Professor HAYDEN and Professor MARSH, the latter of whom has just published an interesting résumé of his geological observations. The principal field of his labors, as already stated, was the neighborhood of Fort Bridger, among certain fresh-water deposits from an ancient lake, the strata of which formed a thickness in places of at least 1500 feet. Vertebrate remains in great variety were found entombed in these deposits, differing in marked features from those belonging to the miocene basin east of the Rocky Mountains. In the latter, bones of ruminating animals were especially abundant, while fishes and reptiles, with the exception of a single species of tortoise, were entirely wanting. In the Fort Bridger basin, on the other hand, reptilian life was in great development, and was represented by crocodiles, tortoises, lizards, and serpents, together with numerous fish, while many mammals, allied to the tapirs, as well as other smaller quadrupeds, occupied its borders.

In a recent article we referred to the fact that torpedoes were being used for killing fish for manure on the coast of Florida. This business is carried on about six miles below New Smyrna, at Mosquito Lagoon; and the method adopted is said to consist in exploding the torpedoes in the water, under the schools, as they pass by. In addition to the many that are killed outright, and float on the surface, large numbers are wounded, and go off elsewhere to die, without being caught. This practice, we are assured, has already resulted in a very marked diminution of the schools of fish in that vicinity, and has been greatly resented by the people of the State, who are endeavoring to drive the operator from its waters.

Lieutenant PAYER, well known for his geological investigations in the Alps, has lately communicated some facts in regard to discoveries in Greenland by the late German expedition, of which he was a member; and in this he calls attention especially to the probability of the hypothesis that Greenland is essentially a congeries of islands similar to that west of it, and not a huge continental mass, as has been supposed by most authors. One strong evidence of this he considers to be furnished by the deep inlet discovered by the expedition, previously unrecorded on any chart, and which received the name of Emperor Francis Joseph's Fiord. This was found to extend deep into the interior of the land, continually opening into new arms, and widening in places until it was traced out for over one-third of the estimated breadth of Greenland, and without any indication of coming to an end. Indeed, in a southwesterly direction it opened out into what looked like a great basin into which the fiord itself emptied. The circumstance also that the saltness of fiords is generally greatly diminished by the fresh-water streams pouring into them when they are simply cul de sacs, and the fact that the great Greenland fiord, notwithstanding the enormous addition of fresh-water, retained all its saltness, pointed to a maritime communication with the opposite side of the country.

Time was not allowed to the party to prosecute the exploration of this supposed strait; but it is believed, as stated, that it finds its opposite opening in Baffin Bay. Another still more potent argument in favor of the assumption that Greenland is a congeries of islands, and not a continent, was found in the apparent absence of great longitudinal valleys, such as usually characterize continents, these being entirely wanting in the northeastern part of Greenland.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 13.—In the Senate, a joint resolution was passed prescribing an oath to Dr. Miller, Senator elect from Georgia.—In the House, a bill was introduced to protect loyal and peaceable citizens, and to perpetuate evidence of loss sustained in the war of the rebellion; one removing all political disabilities, and one to preserve the peace in the several States.

February 14.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced to provide for the selection of cadets for the Naval and Military academies on a competitive examination. An adverse report was made on the bill remitting duties on articles donated to the suffering in France, on the ground that it would be wholly impracticable to pass upon the articles. The bill subsidizing a steamship line from New Orleans to Mexican ports was discussed at some length, and passed by a vote of 29 to 21.—In the House, the subject of the West Point disturbances was discussed, without reaching final action.

February 15.—The Senate was occupied with a long debate on the resolution of the Indiana Legislature withdrawing the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment.—In the House, the bill to enforce the provisions of the Fifteenth Amendment, and to secure the right of citizens to vote, was taken up at the opening of the session, and gave rise to a long debate. The provision for calling on the military at elections was stricken out, and the bill then passed by nearly a party vote.

February 16.—In the Senate, the consideration of the Appropriation bill was resumed, and the provisions relating to judges' salaries finally agreed upon. They fix the salary of Chief Justice at $8500; Associate Judges, $8000; Circuit Judges, $6000; District Judges, $5000.—The House adopted the report of the committee appointed to inquire into the West Point troubles, which bears severely on the members of the first class, with an additional resolution directing inquiry to be made into the conduct of the officers of the institution.

February 17.—In the Senate, a long discussion took place on the point of the admission of a Presidential pardon as evidence in the Court of Claims.—The House agreed to the report of a committee of conference on a bill creating a Territorial government for the District of Columbia.

February 18.—In the Senate, a resolution was offered recommending that the Joint High Commission provide for the cession of the British North American possessions to this country. Its consideration went over under objection. The Judiciary Committee was discharged from the further consideration of the petitions on female suffrage and the recognition of the Christian religion in the Constitution. The bill providing regulations for the army was reported, but not acted on.—In the House, the report of the committee of conference on the Consular Appropriation bill was agreed to. The Army Appropriation bill was then considered in Committee of the Whole. The amendment to perfect the title of the national cemeteries was rejected after some debate. The bill was subsequently reported to the House, and passed. The bill authorizing a commission to settle the northwest boundary was discussed in Committee of the Whole, and afterward reported to the House, but not acted upon. The opposition came mainly from Mr. Dawes, on the ground of expense. The rest of the day was spent on the report of the Judiciary Committee on the M'Garrahan claim. The majority report against the claim, and the minority, headed by Mr. Bingham, direct the issue of a new patent to Mr. M'Garrahan for the lands claimed by him.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

The Canadian authorities have released the American schooner *White Fawn*, under a decision of the Vice-Admiralty at Halifax, Nova Scotia.

The Massachusetts Legislative Committee on Federal Relations reported resolutions on February 18 representing that the arbitrary and unfriendly actions of the Canadians toward American fishermen constitute a grievance demanding the attention and protection of the general government.

Lieutenant-Commander George Dewey is to command the store-ship *Supply*, which is to sail from this port for France with a cargo of food for the suffering people of that country.

A special dispatch to the *Avalanche*, Jackson, Mississippi, says it is stated upon good authority that Governor Alcorn will shortly resign, and retire into private life. He absolutely declines to go into the United States Senate, though his term commences on the 4th of March next.

The Missouri Senate respectfully refers the lady petitioners for the right of suffrage to the United States Courts, as they claim to have the right to vote already.

An expedition has left San Francisco for the Cocos Islands, under the direction of spirits, to seek for treasures buried by pirates.

General J. B. Magruder died February 19 at Houston, Texas.

The Mexican Governor of Sonora has refused to surrender a Mexican accused of murder, and demanded under a requisition by Governor Safford, of Arizona.

A route for a ship canal has been surveyed from Suisoon Bay to Stockton, California, through the Valley of San Joaquin.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE General Assembly of France met on the 13th of February, and has elected M. Thiers "Chief of the Executive Power of the French Republic." For his cabinet he has selected Dufaure, Favre, Simon, Lambrecht, Picard, General Le Flo, and Admiral Poithevin. The English, Austrian, and Italian governments at once recognized the Thiers government. Mr. Washburne, American minister, had returned to Paris. The feeling against any cession of territory in favor of peace continues very strong, and has found forcible expression in the General Assembly, where Generals Chanzy and Biliot declared that a defensive war could, if necessary, be successfully prosecuted. In Paris commercial affairs are recovering from the effects of the siege, and the Bank of France is said to have advanced the total war contribution of the metropolis.

Sir John Rose has declined to serve on the High Commission, and the British government has appointed Sir Stafford Northcote in his place.

The House of Commons has unanimously voted a dowry of £30,000 to the Princess Louise, and an annual allowance of £6000.

Advices from South America state that many persons were killed by a collision on the St. Paul (Brazilian) Railroad. A ministerial crisis was imminent in Brazil. The revolution at Montevideo was still in progress.

Nine more Japanese students have reached San Francisco, among them a prince, by the steamship *Great Republic*, from Yokohama. Small-pox was epidemic in the latter city, and several of the crew of the United States steamer *Benicia* had died of it. Messrs. Dallas and Ring, teachers in a Japanese college, were attacked with swords and cut down on the 12th of January. They were frightfully but not fatally injured. Mr. Seward had left Hong-Kong for Singapore.

The Greek Court of Appeals has confirmed the judgment against the accomplices of the Marathon bandits, and the Englishman Noel will be put on trial for murder.

The elections in Spain are to be held on the 8th of March, and the Cortes will assemble on the 3d of April. Cuba and Porto Rico will be represented.

M. THIERS.

THE Constituent Assembly of France having elected LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS President of the Provisional Government, under the title of "Chief of the Executive Power of the French Republic," our readers will doubtless welcome the magnificent portrait of the distinguished Frenchman which we give on this page.

M. THIERS was born at Marseilles in the year 1797, his father being a mechanic of good repute. In early youth he was designed for the army, but finally it was settled that his future battles should be fought in the forum instead of in the champs de Mars. He studied his profession at Aix, leaving that city in his twenty-fourth year to try his fortunes in the metropolis. He was accompanied by his friend MIGNET, and the two youthful adventurers entered Paris, with few francs in their purses, but with talents, energy, and health, which justified their hopes of future fame and fortune.

Like so many other political leaders in France, THIERS first became known to the public as a journalist, his earliest engagement being on the staff of the *Constitutionnel.* In the columns of this, the then leading journal, THIERS manifested the readiness alike in attack and defense, and the fertility of resource which have distinguished him through life. The connection with the *Constitutionnel* terminated at the close of the year 1829, when THIERS, associated with MIGNET and ARMAND CARREL, started the *National,* in bitter opposition to the POLIGNAC ministry, in the overthrow of which, and the consequent expulsion of the elder branch of the BOURBON family from the throne and soil of France, the future Prime Minister of LOUIS PHILIPPE and his journal played a most prominent part.

THIERS'S first appearance in the Chamber of Deputies, to which he was sent by the College of Aix, was as a supporter of the LAFITTE ministry, the chief of which had been his earliest friend. When CASIMIR-PERIER overthrew LAFITTE, THIERS retired with his friends. It was, therefore, with amazement that France beheld the first political somersault made by this shrewd politician. Without having sounded a warning note, in April, 1831, M. THIERS made the leap from Left to Right, turning his back on his ten-years' friends, and boldly advocating the CASIMIR-PERIER administration and the measures upon which he had been wont to vent his bitterest sarcasms and his fiercest denunciations. He was furiously assailed; but he listened to all the abuse with a bland smile, having probably well weighed the cost and the gain before the long and never-to-be-retraced step was taken. The prize he sought was soon within his grasp. On the death of CASIMIR-PERIER, in 1832, Marshal SOULT bestowed on M. THIERS the port-folio of the Ministry of the Interior. This appointment was no sinecure, but THIERS performed the arduous duties it imposed upon him with marked ability and zeal. He held office only until November, 1834; but during the two years' tenure he had assisted in putting down the insurrection in La Vendée, in taking Antwerp, and in capturing the Duchesse De Berri, the life and soul of all the BOURBON conspiracies; and he hunted down with terrible severity the secret societies which were heretofore the hot-beds of treason against the Orleans dynasty. THIERS was the first minister of the French crown who boldly advocated the taxation of future generations for the purpose of internal improvement. His first loan was for the large sum of a hundred millions of francs. In despite of all this, it is doubtful whether, in the winter of 1834, there was a more unpopular man in France than LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.

In 1838 he became President of the Council, from which post he retired in 1840. He then commenced his "History of the Consulate and the Empire." In 1844 he appeared once more as leader of the opposition in the Chamber of Deputies, and once more was the most radical of *talkers.*

In February, 1848, LOUIS PHILIPPE was induced to send for THIERS and ODILLON BARROT in the vain hope that they could form a ministry which should save his tottering throne. When the republic was proclaimed M. THIERS was one of the earliest to give in his adhesion to the new order, and became a strenuous supporter of the claims of LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE to the Presidency. He even fought a duel on account of his new protégé. After LOUIS NAPOLEON was firmly seated in power the old intriguing spirit was dissatisfied with the result of his own work, and so apparent was his wish for the restoration of his old master LOUIS PHILIPPE that it surprised no one to hear one winter's morning that M. THIERS had been arrested and banished to England. He was permitted to return to Paris in the following year, but it was not until 1863 that he again took his seat on the opposition benches in the Corps Législatif.

M. THIERS'S course since the commencement of the Prussian war has been eminently patriotic: having protested against it, he has done his best to assuage the evils he could not prevent.

M. THIERS has had several narrow escapes from death by assassination. In 1834 he was twice shot at in the streets of Lyons, and was close to Marshal MORTIER when that gallant soldier was killed by the explosion of FIESCHI'S infernal machine. It is to be hoped, but scarcely can be expected, that M. THIERS should live to see his country once more peaceful and prosperous.

M. THIERS, CHIEF OF THE EXECUTIVE POWER OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

HOW PRUSSIANS THINK OUT WAR.

AN English gentleman writes as follows of what he saw at Versailles during the siege of Paris: My second day at Versailles was one of research. My business was to find out how the land lay; who were there that could help or hinder the object of my coming there; and, above all, to find out the whereabouts of the great men now controlling the destinies of France, and who were either to aid or to oppose me. I was glad to discover, for I thought it good taste, that none of the great men occupied any part of the palace of Versailles. The great monarch War, with wounds and death, alone occupies these imperial halls. It is the palace of the maimed and wounded. Its picture-galleries were the wards of a great hospital, of which true and touching pictures have been from time to time sent home to the *Times.* The mansions occupied by the King of Prussia, the Crown Prince, Prince Adalbert, Count Bismarck, the Count Von Moltke, and the other heroes of the war are chiefly the deserted mansions of the rich inhabitants of Versailles, and, excepting a flag or a sentry, there is nothing to proclaim to a stranger, "Hence are ruled the destinies of Europe." In truth, it is impossible that great things could be managed with less parade than that with which this war is directed. Three or four men work together in a little room two or three hours each day; they have much to talk over, and then parting, each goes to his own home and does his day's work. At dinner they meet and try to forget toil and anxiety during the couple of hours of a *table d'hôte* at the Hôtel des Réservoirs, when they part to carry on their work late into the small hours. Short is the sleep of these men of war. And here I may say that nothing struck me more than the great number of aged, gray-haired men who conduct this war. While we have been getting rid of all old admirals and old soldiers as fast as the laws of promotion and pension allow, and even making laws to exclude from active service men of ripe years, it seems as if it had been the policy of the Prussians to choose exactly the one the most opposite to that of the English. They have aged men to decide and guide, young men to execute the work.

While I witnessed the quiet, methodic, systematic way in which the political negotiations of Europe, the war organization of Germany, and the war in France were being carried out in this tranquil town, with so little show and so much strength, I could not help some feeling of sorrow for the way in which we are ruled at so much cost to such small purpose. £25,000,000 a year is what England pays for past wars, £25,000,000 a year is what she pays for coming wars; and at this great cost we are told by those who seem to know, that if Prussian readiness for war and English readiness for war were set side by side, we should find that at half the cost Prussia is able to produce double the value, so that we are four times more wasteful or less wise than they are. Is this true or false? I did all I could while in Versailles, where the machinery of Prussian war is undergoing its test, to find out where lay our huge inferiority, and whence came their superiority, in matters of war. I think I find it in this—that they are patriots, and thoroughly in earnest; that we are not patriots; that we believe in shams; and that we are not in earnest. To be just, I ought to add one element more—one that we possess in common with the French, but which, unluckily, has just broken down—we English believe that we are the greatest nation in the world; we believe that our troops have always conquered, and will always conquer; that good luck and pluck attend our arms and win our battles, and that what has been will always be. The Prussians trust nothing to chance, luck, or fortune; they prepare industriously for war in time of peace; they cast their cannon, finish their rifles, and make their shells while they have ample leisure and means to do it; they prepare their trains of field telegraphs, of pontoon bridges, of ammunition wagons, of field ambulances, of commissariat trains, of war locomotives, and of military railway carriages, while at peace. Thus they do war timely, cheap, and well; while we do it late, in a hurry, and at an extravagant cost, and at a time when, instead of preparing, we should have occupied the field before our enemy.

There is another point in which I have recognized a very unexpected and marked superiority in the Prussian army. It is officered, like our own, from the aristocracy and wealthy classes. The difference between us is, that in their army I found every individual officer making a study of the higher branches of his profession; also that I found him already possessed of a high scientific education, preparing him to excel in study and practice, and that the whole army from top to bottom is pervaded by the desire to turn to the advantage of the army all modern inventions, and utilize for it all improvements in science. In our army, on the contrary, a man with an invention has at starting the feeling of—every body against him; next, he has to take out a patent; then he has to offer slices of the patent to all who will lend him a hand, and all the rest are turned into determined enemies. Our system is quite wrong. All modern inventions should be at once pressed into the service of the country. The inventor should be helped with all the aids that the military experience of the country can give him. Whatever is good should be turned to account, and the bad mercilessly rejected. As to patent rights and payments, there should be none; each citizen should rejoice to be able to serve his country, and the country should be too grateful to the inventor to withhold national gratitude for national good.

Another feature in army organization was forced on my attention by a scene I witnessed at head-quarters. It was somewhat early in the morning, when I observed a parade of officers in the open square of a court-yard, but under cover. In front of the line are two or three officers with papers, one reading aloud. There seemed to be many dispatches to read, and between them were generally some words of conversation. I found that this was a daily practice at the head of each *corps d'armee.* The papers which were being read were the telegraphic or written dispatches which had been received from every other *corps d'armée,* and the purpose of the arrangement was that every officer of the corps should be able to know what every other corps was doing all round. The officers who attend this reading, returning to their respective stations, give in their turn to the officers under their command a summary of that knowledge which is nearest and most interesting to them, and they again retail it to their men; so that every day is studied over and over what has been done, is doing, and is about to be done by their own division and by all around it. Here seemed to lie the secret of having an army with one mind, one will, and one way, each man foreknowing all he was about, and only awaiting the word of permission to do it.

CROSSING THE EAST RIVER ON THE ICE BRIDGE.—[DRAWN BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

ICE BRIDGE OVER THE EAST RIVER.

TWICE this winter the East River, between New York and Brooklyn, has been covered by an ice bridge solid enough to suspend navigation—stopping even the powerful steam ferry-boats—and to permit adventurous people to make the passage on foot from shore to shore. Our illustration on this page depicts the scene at Fulton Ferry, at an hour when hundreds of people were crossing. The bridge lasted, on each occasion, about four hours, until the falling of the tide detached the edges from the shores, when the ice broke up into fields of various dimensions. Many persons were still on the bridge when this occurred, and a general rush and scramble for terra firma at once took place. Most of the adventurers—among whom were women and children—succeeded in getting off; others, less fortunate, found themselves floating down stream

CAR BLOCKADE IN THE BOWERY.—FROM A SKETCH BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 191.]

on frail rafts of ice, which threatened every moment to give way beneath their weight. Several hair-breadth escapes occurred, but, with the assistance of the various tugs and ferry-boats, all were eventually rescued.

FAREWELL!

FAREWELL! but ere in grief we part,
Oh, hear my fond affection's plea,
And treasure up within thy heart
Some lasting fervent thoughts of me.

Farewell! our little dream is o'er,
The curtain fallen on our play,
And I shall ne'er behold thee more,
Nor bask within thy smile's bright ray.

For thee I leave my native land,
And know not what my lot may be;
Yet e'en upon a foreign strand
My heart will ever turn to thee.

Whene'er at morn, by night, by day,
Thou bend'st a supplicating knee,
Remember one who's far away,
And breathe a prayer to Heaven for me.

When down life's rapid stream I flow,
And near the vast eternal sea,
'Twould blunt death's sting could I but know
Thou still hadst one kind thought for me.

Farewell! I tear myself away,
From these endearing scenes I flee;
May the angels guard thee night and day:
God knows how dear thou art to me!

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

A TIFF AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

THE word "Immediate" frightened simple Mabel. She had lived far from the atmosphere where such electric disturbances as "telegrams" are common things; and even a letter which demanded haste had its vague terrors. She was accustomed to do much of her father's letter-writing for him, for though a divine, he was a lazy man with his pen; but she had hardly any correspondents of her own. As she flew up stairs to the sitting-room, all the personal thoughts which had so lately possessed her mind clean vanished, and their place was occupied with one apprehension: Had any thing happened to Cousin Martha Barr? This relative of the Denham family was a lady of advanced years and scanty means, who had always been a great favorite with the two sisters, but especially with May. She had nothing to recommend her (being old and ugly and poor, and using a plainness of speech and manner that was often mistaken for vulgarity) with the exception of a heart as sound as a bell, and an inflexible determination to obey her conscience. The rector, in his bluff, open-handed way, had more than once endeavored to confer upon her some material benefit—and a very little aid would have gone far with one of her small needs—but she had invariably rejected all assistance. "I wish to be your friend, John, all my life, and especially your children's friend, and that I can not be if I become your pensioner." To this resolve she had steadily kept; but she would probably not have declined the tender aid of the Denham girls in any physical distress. She lived quite alone at an out-of-the-way village by the sea; and for an instant the thought occurred to Mabel how welcome would such a summons be, if such it were! To be left alone in quiet was what she yearned for; to tend the pillow of a sick friend would be the very occupation to rescue her from her own bitter thoughts. But the next moment she reproached herself for having entertained so selfish a reflection.

"What is it, Ju?—what is the matter?" cried she, as she opened the door of their apartment with a haste and suddenness somewhat imprudent, considering that it was the bower of a bride and bridegroom. Her appearance, indeed, was not quite opportune, since Frederick was in the act of removing the recent traces of tears from her sister's cheek by osculation.

"I beg pardon," murmured poor Mabel; "but I was so frightened by what the man told me about the letter."

Frederick had bolted on to the balcony, from whence little explosions of laughter could now be heard. Ju's face was crimson, and she looked annoyed as she replied, "There is nothing to be frightened at: only papa is not quite well, and Dr. Bowen has written—"

"Papa ill!" said Mabel, clasping her hands, "and all alone at home! Oh, let me go to him at once!"

"No, no," replied Ju, a little sharply; "there is no occasion for that; I would have gone myself if there had been, you may be sure. It is only a passing indisposition; but Dr. Bowen says that it is out of the question that he should come to-morrow, as he had intended; and Frederick and I are off on Thursday; so that we shall not be able to wish him good-by. And that is what made me cry. Papa particularly begs—see, he has written a few lines himself in pencil—that you will not hurry back. He wishes you to finish out your holiday. He says—"

"But, Ju," interrupted Mabel, piteously, "I should be miserable here to think that poor papa is solitary at the vicarage."

"But he is not solitary: Martha Barr is with him, as you can read. No sort of apprehension need be entertained at present, says Dr. Bowen; and it is papa's particular wish that you should stay on. He thinks it is suppressed gout, and hopes to have it out by the time you come back, and 'to be very cross by that time, as usual.' He writes quite cheerfully, you see, and like himself."

"I shall go home," said Mabel, decisively, having read the letter.

Julia looked astonished as well as displeased. She had never known her sister act in opposition to her opinion before, and of course she was ignorant of the other reasons which, besides her father's illness, were urging May to depart from Shingleton. "I can do nothing with Mabel, Frederick!" exclaimed Julia, in discontented tones. "Perhaps *you* can persuade her."

The obedient Frederick at once made his appearance at the window. "My dear May, I do hope you are not going to run away from us unnecessarily. The governor will be all right in a day or two; and, remember, we are leaving England on Thursday for Heaven knows how long. If he were really ill, Ju and I would be both going to him ourselves, instead of endeavoring to prevent your doing so. As matters are, upon my life I am so selfish as hardly to regret this slight attack, for we wished him good-by already, before we thought of coming to Shingleton, and Ju would be so dreadfully upset at parting with him, just as she needs all her strength for her long voyage. There, she has left the room, no doubt to have 'a good cry' at the mere thought of it. She needs your company just now, Mabel; indeed she does, as much as she ever did in her life."

"She has got *you*," said May, herself dissolved in tears; "but papa has got nobody—at least no one to love and nurse him as I could do, though Martha Barr is very good."

"Listen to me, dear May," said Frederick, tenderly, the sight of her tearful beauty piercing his heart. "There is another reason why you should stay here, if you will forgive me for speaking about it."

"Another reason!" May felt that she was growing crimson, though without knowing why, except for a vague thought of Richard.

"You know I am not a man who cares for mere conventionalities," he continued; "still, a young lady in your position can not be too particular, too prudent." Here the ready Frederick began to stammer. "I feel you must think me a great fool; it is so difficult to talk of these things; but since Ju has not made use of the argument, I am obliged to do so. Somebody left Shingleton to-day unexpectedly. People will chatter, you know. If you were to leave the same day as he, it would look so odd. Ju and I, of course, know that there is nothing in it; but folks like Mrs. Marshall 'put two and two together,' as they call it, and fancy themselves very wise. Now don't cry, May darling, for nobody blames you, or can blame you. It is only your being so pretty and charming, which you can't help."

She was sobbing now as though her little heart would break; and, perhaps with some vague view of averting that catastrophe, Frederick passed his arm around her dainty waist.

"Of course the man couldn't help falling in love with you, May; every one must do that; and you were quite right to give him his *congé*."

"But, Frederick, I did *not!*" exclaimed Mabel, with sudden vehemence.

"Well, well, not in words, perhaps; but you let him know plainly enough—or else he would not have gone away—that his attentions were distasteful to you. For my part, I should never have forgiven my dear little May if she had encouraged such a cub."

"Frederick!" She shook herself free from his tender hold, and regarded him with indignation.

"Why, you don't mean to say he *wasn't* a cub, or to pretend to like him!" answered Frederick; "and if you did not like him, you would surely not have consented to marry him though he had ten times ten thousand a year. I think I know my little May better than that."

The relief to Mabel's mind upon discovering that it was Horn Winthrop to whom her brother-in-law was alluding, and that her attachment to Richard was still unsuspected, was so great that she felt quite grateful to Frederick for his mistaken suspicion. "Mr. Horn Winthrop is nothing to me, dear Fred, nor would he be even if he had asked to be any thing."

"Thank Heaven for that!" cried Frederick, with an energy that rather contradicted his late confident expressions. "I felt that no amount of wealth ought to have rendered such a creature acceptable to Mabel Denham, and yet I am overjoyed to hear it from your own lips." Here he kissed, not them, but her forehead, in an approving, brotherly fashion. "Some people, indeed, like Mrs. Marshall, hold that girls will marry any body for money; and she has put it into your sister's head, as I believe, that the affair is serious. But, for my part, I always said that there was nothing in it; and now we know that there *is* nothing, let us all be jolly again together, May, and don't go, darling. For *my* sake, *do* stay, and—"

"Frederick!"

It was quite another "Frederick" from that which had left Mabel's lips a minute ago, though *that* also had been reproachful and indignant.

Mrs. Pennant stood at the open door, the handle of which shook in her trembling fingers; her face, always pale by contrast with her raven hair, quite white with passion; her dark eyes flaming with wrath.

"My dear Julia," exclaimed Frederick, in astonishment, not wholly free from trepidation, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," returned she, with a short, bitter laugh—"nothing at all. I dare say it's quite a usual thing to find one's husband with his arm round a young girl's waist, kissing her, and asking her to do something for his sake which she has refused to do for her own sister's."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" cried Mabel, wringing her hands. "How can you say such shocking things, Ju!"

"I don't blame *you*, child," observed Mrs. Pennant, coldly; "God forbid I should. It is with my husband only that my quarrel lies, and it is a just one."

"A just one!" exclaimed Frederick, with scornful vehemence. "You must be mad to call it so! You should be ashamed to speak such words as you have used in the presence of a good and innocent girl."

"It is of *your* innocence that I have a doubt, Sir, and not of hers," interrupted Mrs. Pennant. "This is not the first time that your behavior toward Mabel has given me cause for displeasure; it has been noticed by others also—"

"Then it's that infernal old idiot, Mrs. Marshall," broke in Frederick, passionately. "She has made you as great a fool as herself."

"You are most kind and courteous, I am sure; but it was not Mrs. Marshall's eyes that saw you kiss Mabel a minute ago, or her ears that heard you call her 'darling,' and tell her her sister's head was turned."

"Oh, Ju, Ju!" said Mabel, beseechingly, "indeed you are very wrong; and oh, so cruel to poor Frederick!"

"It would be more becoming, Mabel," observed Julia, sharply, "if instead of making excuses for my husband you were to go to your room."

"She shall not go to her room," cried Frederick, decisively, "nor leave us for an instant, until this matter is settled. You are blinded by a devil of jealousy, whom you have raised yourself out of nothing. You have entertained a shocking and shameful suspicion, for which, when you come to your senses, you will be sorry enough; and I insist on its being retracted. I will say nothing of it as respects Mabel—it would be a wickedness to associate her with a calumny at once so groundless and so base; it is to *me*, your husband, who swore at the altar scarce a month ago to be faithful to you till death, that you owe an apology. You have wronged and insulted me most infamously, most cruelly; and I insist upon your expressing regret for it."

"And you—you have nothing to express regret about?" rejoined Mrs. Pennant, but in a tone of less audacity than her words implied; for it was not only plain that her husband was deeply wounded, but also that he believed himself to have been so without cause.

"I *may* have something to express regret about," answered he, coldly, "if you contrive to behave in this manner; "I may have to acknowledge a mistake committed by myself—to repent an alliance which—"

"Frederick! Julia!" interposed Mabel, earnestly. "How can you go on like this, when each of you loves the other at heart better than all the world besides? Heaven knows that *I* am not to blame—"

"I should think not," interpolated Frederick.

"I never said you were," cried Julia, tearful, but still defiant.

"And yet I seem to myself," continued Mabel, "to be the mischief-maker between you two. I am very much obliged to you—very—for having asked me here; but, oh dear, oh dear, how I wish I had never come!"

Never was a sentiment more genuine, or wearing a more genuine air. Poor Mabel, as we are aware, had half a dozen reasons for regretting her visit to Shingleton besides the present disastrous occurrence, but this fact was unknown to her hearers; and the distress that seemed wholly upon their account moved both exceedingly. "I would go away directly, as I wish to go," she went on, "but that I do not like to leave you on such bad—I mean, while there is any misunderstanding between you. I am but a girl—and a very foolish, ignorant one, no doubt—still, it does seem to me so shocking, so needless" (here she threw her arms about her sister's neck). "Oh, kiss him, Ju, and make it up; do, pray, just as you and I have often kissed and made up quarrels not more childish!"

Such innocent eloquence was irresistible.

The belligerents did not kiss, indeed, but Frederick held out his hand, with frankness, which Julia took and retained in both her own.

"Forgive me," said she; "I was to blame for—"

"There is nothing to forgive, my dear, in an act of folly," said he, a little stiffly. "One has only to make haste to forget it; besides, it is to Mabel as well as to me—"

"Kiss her, Fred," cried Mabel, imperatively. And with a good-natured smile, with which a little curl of contempt in vain endeavored to mingle, Fred kissed his wife accordingly.

Let us hope that the tiff ended there between them, never to be referred to at curtain-lecture or other dangerous domestic season again. Its effects upon Mabel and her fortunes were unhappily destined to be lasting.

It is sad to think what a little cause is sufficient to separate two poor human souls that have clung to one another for years, and especially if they are female souls. The two sisters did not cease to love one another; but on one side, at all events, the love was henceforth to be of a different sort.

Julia was always "glad to hear of dear Mabel's well-being," "deeply interested about her, 'and genuinely eager to do' all she could for her and hers;" but the golden bowl of sisterly love was broken by that unhappy jog of the elbow.

She might have forgiven her for having been the innocent occasion of quarrel between herself and Frederick, but she could not forgive her having been the cause of their reconciliation. That *her* appeal (although Julia had herself been influenced by it) should have brought back her husband's hand, her husband's lips, to hers, was a thought that never lost its bitterness, and seemed almost to justify the very suspicion which she had confessed to be groundless. She never said this, nor any thing like it, in words, nor perhaps even admitted it to herself; but she felt it, and, notwithstanding some effort of concealment, caused others to feel it. It was not her fault. Julia was as sensible and good a wife as could be found within the four seas—it was a sin and a shame, said Mrs. Marshall, very justly, to export her to China—but she was a woman.

Nothing more was said concerning this unpleasant matter by any body; but after dinner that day, when Mabel reopened the question of her return to the rectory, the opposition on her sister's part was languid and feeble. "Perhaps, if dearest May was fretting about dear papa, it would be cruel to keep her. What did Frederick think?"

Frederick, thus appealed to, shrugged his shoulders, and pulled vigorously at his cigar. "You had better settle it between you," said he, presently. What he had been *thinking* in the mean time was something like this: "All women are fools"—he meant in one respect, but when one reflects one often generalizes—"and *I* was a fool to suppose that I had married one who was not. If I press Mabel to stay, there will be another row, or the embers of the old one will be fanned anew. The poor little thing had better go."

And on the following day Mabel Denham went home accordingly.

Mabel's parting with her sister and Fred was, of course, a sad one, since it was certain they would not meet again for at least seven years; but it was less poignant by far than four-and-twenty hours before she could have possibly expected. She longed to be at home and alone. The old Professor had held her fingers so tight and long at their good-by that Fred's last joke had been that he was offering her his ancient hand to keep for good; but she was scarcely so grateful as Mr. Flint's affection deserved of her. Mrs. Marshall had kissed her tumultuously, and blessed her impressively for "a good, dear girl;" and she had submitted with a good grace, but without being correspondingly affected. Lastly, Mr. Winthrop had come to the station—by accident or design, she knew not which—and bowed his adieus with his usual grace; but they had not disturbed her. Her mind was preoccupied with its own sorrow. These smaller troubles—including even her father's illness (which, to do her justice, she had been persuaded to think lightly of, and especially since "no news" had arrived from home that morning, which was "good news")—were all dwarfed by the thought of that "good-by forever" she had whispered in her heart but yesterday to Richard, and which was echoing still "forever." How infinitely dearer did he seem, now that he was gone; dearer, too, for that sudden slackness which, she had been unable to hide from herself, had taken place in Julia's affection for her. How she longed for one loving, faithful arm on which to lean! Well, there was at least her father's arm; loving and faithful it had always proved itself; and if it was weakened now, so much the better opportunity was offered to her to support and tend him, and so repay its life-long care. The bitterness of life was surely past. If it had no more innocent joys to offer her, such as had pleased her once, it had loving duties that would bring their comfort with them.

So she reasoned—innocent, ignorant Mabel; just as some passenger in a train, doomed to disaster, murmurs, consolingly, "This tunnel is dark, but we shall soon get to the end of it," not knowing of the evil lurking in the darkness, of the catastrophe that is close at hand, and little guessing of the weary hours that will elapse before—bruised and shattered and "another man"—he will once more welcome the light of day.

CHAPTER XVIII.

COMING HOME.

MABEL'S journey was a long one, and included many changes; and though she had as little trouble as was possible—for railway guards are the pink of politeness to unprotected youth and beauty (when traveling in the first-class)—she felt weary enough when the train drew up at the little station that was nearest to her home. She had still some miles to go by road; and as she was not expected at the rectory, there was of course no vehicle to meet her. The station-master, who knew her well, dispatched a messenger for a fly; and in the mean time his wife made her as comfortable as she could in her own parlor, for which hospitality Mabel felt truly thankful; for the deserted waiting-room looked chill and forbidding enough in the autumn twilight, and melancholy thoughts were astir within her. In all her life she had never before known what it was to be quite alone, as she was now; her little life-path had been hedged in by love and loving ministration from her cradle; and somehow the reflection, "If home was not at the end of his day's travel, how very sad she would be!" came into her mind. What she meant by home was not merely the rectory-house, of course (for Mabel was not a cat), but the roof which sheltered her father; without him it would have no welcome for her—and what if she *should* be without him? It would be so one day, and probably at no very distant date, for the rector was an old man; but the idea of losing "dear papa" had never seriously entered Mabel's mind, except for a few minutes after the reception of the doctor's note on the previous day. The foreboding she had then momentarily experienced now returned upon her with redoubled force. The station-master and his wife had heard so nothing of the rector's illness; they were not likely to be ignorant of such a calamity, since it was his parishioners who were the chief customers of the ticket-office; and they assured Mabel, with encouraging protestation, that it was nothing to be alarmed about.

Miss Martha Barr had arrived by the 9.55 last Tuesday, and while warming herself at that very fire, before starting in the vicarage pony-chaise, chatted away quite cheerfully, without saying a word of her relative's indisposition. She would be surprised enough, they did not doubt, to see Miss Mabel. And how was Miss Julia that was, and Mr. Pennant? They remembered her when Foxly Road first became a station, and she was but so high. Well, well, how time did fly, to be sure! In such well-meant, kindly gossip the honest pair strove to make the time pass for their young guest until her vehicle should arrive. But the inn was at some distance, and boasted but of one hired conveyance, which was often in demand to take the smaller gentry in the neighborhood out to their evening festivities, and some such occasion was evidently delaying it now. Mabel's anxiety and impatience had become so great that she was on the eve of starting with the good-natured station-master, who had promised to accompany her home on foot, as soon as the last train had come in, when the long-looked-for fly arrived.

"Why, where the dooce have you been, Bob?" asked that official of the driver, as they were putting the luggage on the roof.

"I took a gentleman from the other line to Parson Denham's," returned he; "and there he kept me shilly-shally for hours, not being able to make up his mind whether to go or stay; and, after all, he staid, and I am to go for him again to-morrow morning."

"Parson Denham's! Hush, man! It was not a doctor from town, was it? because it's one of the rector's daughters as is here now, and in a sad way about her father."

"No, it was not a doctor; it was a lawyer, I reckon, by his shilly-shallying so, as though time was what he was paid for wasting. But parson's main ill, they said, and—"

Here Mabel's appearance at the station door cut short Bob's eloquence; and he touched his hat, and gathered up the reins.

"To Swallowdip Rectory, if you please," said she, in her gentle voice; "and pray be so good as to drive as quick as you can."

"All right, miss; the moon is up, so we shall go along famously;" and he touched the old gray so sharply with his whip that it started at a canter, which lasted for nearly twenty yards. With that exception, the pace was not that which is described in the sporting prints as "killing." If the steed in question could be spoken of classically as "devouring the ground," he devoured it in homeopathic doses. If occasionally, under pressure, he was driven out of his jog into an amble, he did not advance the quicker. His movement became analogous to that of a rocking-horse. When pushed—as those ignorant of his habits sometimes attempted to push him—to the double-quick he threw up his head and his tail, and became heraldic: he marked time. In the hands of the judicious Bob, who had been his guide and friend for nearly a quarter of a century, he achieved all that he was capable of in the way of speed, which was about that of a full hearse when it has cleared the outskirts of the town.

There was plenty of time afforded to admire the scenery; and how beautiful it was! Even Mabel's mind was won for a brief space from the anxiety which engrossed it by the wonders of the way. Hill and vale were flooded by the peaceful moonbeams; the quiet homesteads, the silent woods, the broad, fair river, winding blue and cold in the distance, seemed cast into a magic trance. Immediately before her—so large that it always seemed quite close—stood up the noblest castle ever reared by man, the home of English kings for centuries, the pride and glory of the land, now bathed in fairy splendors. There was a seat in the rectory garden which fronted this sublime spectacle, at which her father was never tired of gazing. She had sat there with him many an evening as a child, and he had pointed out to her its stately towers, and given the picturesque story of each to her eager ears. He could not have been more proud of the castle had he been the queen herself who lived there. He had a reverence for it such as is rarely found among men of his class for similar objects. Country parsons are not, as a rule, historical enthusiasts, nor was Mr. Denham an exception from them save in this one instance. Next to his children and his dog and his gun he loved the castle, with its grand old memories and rich traditions. It was the one romantic, nay, perhaps, the one spiritual feature of his character: the "eternities" and "immensities" were too much for him; his mind did not grapple with them, unless those two simple sermons of his per week could be said to do so. He believed in the creed he taught without much searching for the reason for the faith that was in him. He did his duty in a sense which was not a high-flown one. He was "respected" by his farmers, and "beloved" (as the phrase goes when we speak of parsons and their flocks) by the poor. They would, on the whole, have been sorry to change their cheery, wholesome rector for another: they might easily have got a better one, still more easily a worse. He had a strong natural sense of justice as between man and man, but not quite so strong of that between man and master. He revered the laws, but with an unfortunate predilection for one of them in particular—the game law. "Shoots himself!" grumbled the sporting villager; and perhaps it would have been better for authority and the church if he had not been on the bench of magistrates. But the old rector's heart was sound—far sounder, as happens in some cases, than his principles—and women and children loved him. As Mabel gazed now at his favorite scene she seemed to feel the gentle touch of his broad palm smoothing her childish locks—to hear his loving talk, streaked with sly fun; and the tears rushed to her eyes, and she felt sick at heart with the sense of coming loss. A strange and weird notion took possession of her: the whole landscape lying in moonlit sleep before her suggested the image of the rector—dead. She saw him with his head, on which the plentiful gray hair still curled like a boy's, laid low on the pillow, and the clear blue eyes close shut forever!

The rumble of the wheels had ceased, and their crunch on the gravel succeeded it; the vehicle had turned out of the road, and was already within the rectory grounds. The gate, then, had been left open, which was unusual. It occurred to Mabel's mind at once that the doctor was within doors. How ill must her father be to cause him to come at so late an hour!

It was near midnight, but a light was dimly burning at an upper window; and scarce had the carriage stopped when a female figure appeared at the opened door with her fingers at her lips.

"Don't ring," said she to the driver.—"Oh, Mabel, is that you? Thank God—thank God!"

"Dear Martha, how is papa?" asked Mabel, breathless with anxiety, and also because Martha was squeezing her to her bosom.

"He is ill, my child, very ill. I thought you were Dr. Bowen. We have been expecting him these two hours, and the gate was set open on purpose. Don't cry—don't cry, my pretty bird;" and, strangely in contradiction to her words, Martha Barr herself burst into a flood of tears.

"Let me see him—let me go to him!" cried Mabel, endeavoring to free herself from the other's embrace; but the good old spinster held her fast.

"You must not go," she said; "he is asleep, and you might wake him. It is the first sleep he has had for days. Sleep is a good sign, darling; Mr. Bampton is here, the lawyer from London. No, no," in answer to Mabel's terrified looks; "your papa did not send for him. He came of himself;" and here Martha Barr began to cry again, not passionately, but in that slow, hopeless manner which wears away a man's heart though it be a millstone. It was quite unlike Martha Barr to "give way" in this fashion, and the folly of it seemed to strike her now; for she hastily brushed her tears away, and bade the man put down the boxes quietly, and so as not to hurt the walls.

"Have you paid him, dear?" said she; and when Mabel shook her head, and brought out her dainty little purse (a present from Frederick at Shingleton), Martha took it, and counted out the proper sum with methodical accuracy.

There was something in the driver's look, though he said nothing, which seemed to argue that the lateness of the hour might have earned a higher wage.

"There is a florin for yourself," said Mabel, smiling feebly through her tears.

"God bless you, miss, and raise your father from his bed of sickness!" said Bob, gratefully.

"That is too much to give, May," said Martha, reproachfully, when the man was gone.

"What *does* it matter?" Mabel was almost pettish at this reference to such a trifle at such a time; and yet it was so like dear, good Martha's economical ways.

"You had better see Mr. Bampton at once," said the latter, decisively. "I left him here in the drawing-room."

"I can see nobody to-night except papa," answered Mabel, drawing back and wringing her hands; "do let me go to him, pray."

"Susan is with him, my darling child, and has orders to call me if he should wake," said Martha. "Would I keep you from him, think you? Mr. Bampton has come upon the most important business, and, since your father can not be spoken with, he must see *you*—he must, he must. Oh, why did not your sister come, and Frederick?"

Without waiting to have this question answered, Martha opened the drawing-room door, and led the unresisting Mabel in. At the little round table, usually bespread with books or fancy-work, was seated a thin, gray-haired gentleman, examining by the light of a reading-lamp a mass of law papers. He rose at the entrance of the ladies, and saluted Mabel on the forehead. Mr. Bampton was an old friend of her father's; she had seen him from time to time at the vicarage for many years. He had a solemn, careworn air at all times, but had never looked so grave and sad as now.

"I am very sorry, dear Miss Mabel, to find you in such trouble. I had heard nothing of your good father's illness, but came down to see him upon a business matter, which did not admit of delay. These papers, however, have nothing to do with that. Whenever I come into the country among you idle people I always bring my work with me, and it is fortunate I have done so now, since it seems the dear rector will not be able to see me till to-morrow—if even then."

"He will not be able to speak of business to-morrow, I am quite sure," observed Martha Barr, authoritatively.

"Well, well, we shall hear what the doctor says," returned the lawyer, smiling.—"Mistress Barr here sets us all to rights, you see, Miss May, as usual. I am so glad you have come to temper her despotism."

"If you can not speak with the rector, Mr. Bampton," said Martha Barr, "you had better say something to dear Mabel, had you not?" Then added, in a whisper, "She must know all sooner or later, and it will be better for her to hear it now than afterward."

"Not at present, not at present, Mistress Barr," answered he, in the same low tones. "It is always time enough to tell the sort of news that I am the bearer of—and, besides, we are not sure of the worst. Let us wait at least for the doctor."

"Hush! listen!" cried Mabel, whose ears had been on the stretch ever since she had entered the room, though, on the other hand, she scarcely understood a word that had been said to her. "I hear wheels."

"Then that is Dr. Bowen at last," said Martha Barr, and she left the room, rapidly and noiselessly, to anticipate, as before, the ring at the front-door.

Mabel sat still and silent, her hands clasped tight in one another. The sudden mutation of affairs—the change from the gay life at Shingleton to this house of mourning, where every body spoke in whispers, had, thought the lawyer, quite bewildered the poor young thing.

"This change must seem very sad to you, Miss May?"

"I thought you said—or some one said—that it was a good sign?" said she, quickly. "Oh, surely if he sleeps it must be a good sign!"

The lawyer had judged wrongly of his young companion; her heart was up in the sick-room, and not concerning itself with her own affairs at all.

"Is he very, very ill, do you think, Mr. Bampton?"

"Dr. Bowen will tell us," said the lawyer, evasively. "He has gone up stairs with Mistress Barr."

Mabel knew that, and more. She had followed him in imagination into her father's room; seen trusty Susan make way for him to approach the pillow; and was looking in his homely, honest face to learn his verdict.

Mr. Bampton watched her rapt and earnest gaze with an expression of pity that was a stranger to him. He had seen young girls at similar supreme moments of anxiety before, and his experience was, that such misfortunes as a father's death were soon got over; and yet he took out his handkerchief and wiped his—spectacles, which was for him a sign of great emotion.

"My dear young lady," said he, softly, "I am the bearer of evil tidings to you and yours. Can you endure to hear them?"

"Evil tidings?" she said, aloud. "Can you all have had the heart to deceive me, then?" She rose, and would have hurried toward the door, but he seized her hand and held it.

"Hush! hush! I am not speaking of your father; he is still alive, and in God's hands. Pray listen to me in patience. You heard Mistress Barr just now. She said that this was the time to tell you something; and she was right."

"I can not listen to any thing just now; I can not understand any thing—except about papa."

"This *is* about your father, dear Miss May. I think he would wish you to hear it."

"Then I will listen," answered Mabel.

"He has been very unfortunate in his affairs; his savings have been placed in an insurance company—*The Benevolent Mutual*—for many, many years, and the company has become bankrupt, and they are all gone. He thinks that he has left you and your sister well provided for; and alas! there is nothing left—absolutely nothing. Are you listening, my dear Miss May?"

"Yes, yes; that is Dr. Bowen's voice. Hush! they are coming down again."

Muffled footsteps were, in fact, descending the stairs as she spoke, with her eyes riveted on the door; and the next moment the doctor entered, with Martha Barr. This gentleman, whose face was red and round, like the sun in a fog, was an old friend of Mabel's; had brought her into the world, and pulled her through divers diseases, such as measles and scarlatina; and their mutual greetings were naturally therefore always of an affectionate kind. Still, it was some years since Dr. Bowen had considered himself privileged to kiss her, as he did now in the most tender fashion. Even the lawyer, as we saw, had done this; and such greetings, poor Mabel felt, were evil omens. "Is he better? Can I see him? Oh, dear doctor," pleaded she, "I will be so quiet!"

"You shall see him, my dear Miss May—to-morrow. Go to bed now, and get some sleep, that you may be stronger to nurse him—if he should need it."

How those last simple words chilled Mabel's heart!

"He is not like himself," continued he. "It would only distress you, and distress him if he were to know about it. Directly he wakes, you may trust me, my dear, you shall be called. Is it likely that Mrs. Pennant will be here to-morrow?"

"Oh no," said Mabel; "she has no idea that dear papa is so ill, and I know not how I can send her word. She will have left Shingleton, and started from Hull by the packet. I have brought a long letter of farewell from her to dear papa, and she was to write a few lines before she sailed.—Oh, why did you not send us word, Martha?"

"My dearest child, your father's seizure—I mean this second attack—was so sudden, and just as he had seemed to be getting so much better, too. He had been so earnest against your stay at Shingleton being curtailed upon his account that I did not dare to write upon my own responsibility. Come, dear, come; let me see you settled in your own room. Dr. Bowen is going to stay the night here; and every thing is provided for."

As the two ladies crossed the hall a strange sound caught Mabel's ear; and a flash of memory at once recalled to her Richard's story about the haunted bath-room and its suffocated inmate.

"What noise is that, Martha?"

A door was softly closed above stairs, and the noise ceased.

"I hear nothing," returned the other. "You must not keep listening for every little sound. It is fatigue and worry that makes you nervous; and, by-the-by, you must need some refreshment. If you can't eat solid food, I must bring you an egg beaten up in wine."

Martha did so, and saw her young charge into bed before she left her room.

"Are *you* not going to bed, Martha?" asked she, humbly; for she was accustomed to be taken in hand by this ancient relative.

"Not at present, my child. I have one or two things to see to. Good-night, dearest."

Martha waited in the passage, shading the candle mechanically with her hands, and listening. The sound that Mabel had heard in the hall now seemed to fill the whole house. It was the stertorous breathing of one in an apoplexy.

A CAR BLOCKADE.

One afternoon, during the recent storm that filled our streets with snow, Mr. Bergh, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, remonstrated with the conductors of one of the street railroads against overloading their cars; and finally, as his appeals were ineffectual, took the decisive action of stopping a car at the corner of Spring Street and the Bowery, and caused the driver to hitch his horses to an awning-post. Very soon a long line of cars was stopped, extending as far as Chatham Street. Before he could be induced to remove his injunction the company were compelled to attach four-horse teams to every car. Our illustration on page 189 gives graphic representation of this unusual blockade.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Some slandering bachelor says it is much joy when you first get married, but it is more jawy after a year or so.

Skinflint—who "gives nothing to street beggars"—buttoned his pockets on being approached by a soldier, and said: "My dear fellow, I never can repay the debt I owe you—the debt we all owe you for your noble self-sacrifice! Money can't do it! It is of no use trying!" With this patriotic utterance he walked away.

TYPICAL TREES.

For gouty people—the ache corn.
For antiquarians—the date.
For school-boys—the birch.
For Irishmen—the och.
For conjurors—the palm.
For negroes—see dah!
For young ladies—the mango.
For farmers—the plant'in.
For fashionable women—a set of firs.
For dandies—the spruce.
For actors—the pop'lar.
For physicians—the syc-a-more.
For your wife—her will, oh.
For lovers—the sigh press.
For the disconsolate—the pine.
For engaged people—the pear.
For the sewing-girls—the hemlock.
For boarding-house people—'ash.
Always on hand—the pawpaw.
Who was this written for?—yew.

The man who "couldn't find his match" went to bed in the dark.

A Quotation from Longfellow.—Topham Bankes was at a ball on the 6th, where the ladies' dresses were excessively and inconveniently long. His remark at supper was that he understood now what the poet meant by "the trailing garments of the night."

How to Spoil a Child.—Send him to fill a lighted kerosene lamp.

"I thought I understood you to say that your father was a merchant only a week ago," said a lady to a little girl who was soliciting alms; "and if that is so, how could your family have been reduced to beggary?" "It is true, ma'am; my father kept a pea-nut stand; and last week he took a bad two-dollar bill, and failed!"

Gone Courting.—The lawyers.

The way a Colorado lover expressed admiration for his fair: "She's a peeler, she is. She killed a bar when she was fifteen, and a Digger Indian when she was eighteen; and now she'll whip her weight in wild-cats."

"Lookee here, mister, I ain't complainin'; but this ere' *mobsic* stool you sold to my wife, we've twisted it roun' till we've twisted off un's 'ead, an' not a ha'porth o' toon can we get out of 'un."

An English paper, speaking of a very tall actor, says, "By Jove, he's tall enough to act in two parts."

The Chicago *Times*, in chronicling the fact that a man there married to get out of jail, remarks that "some chaps have a queer idea of liberty."

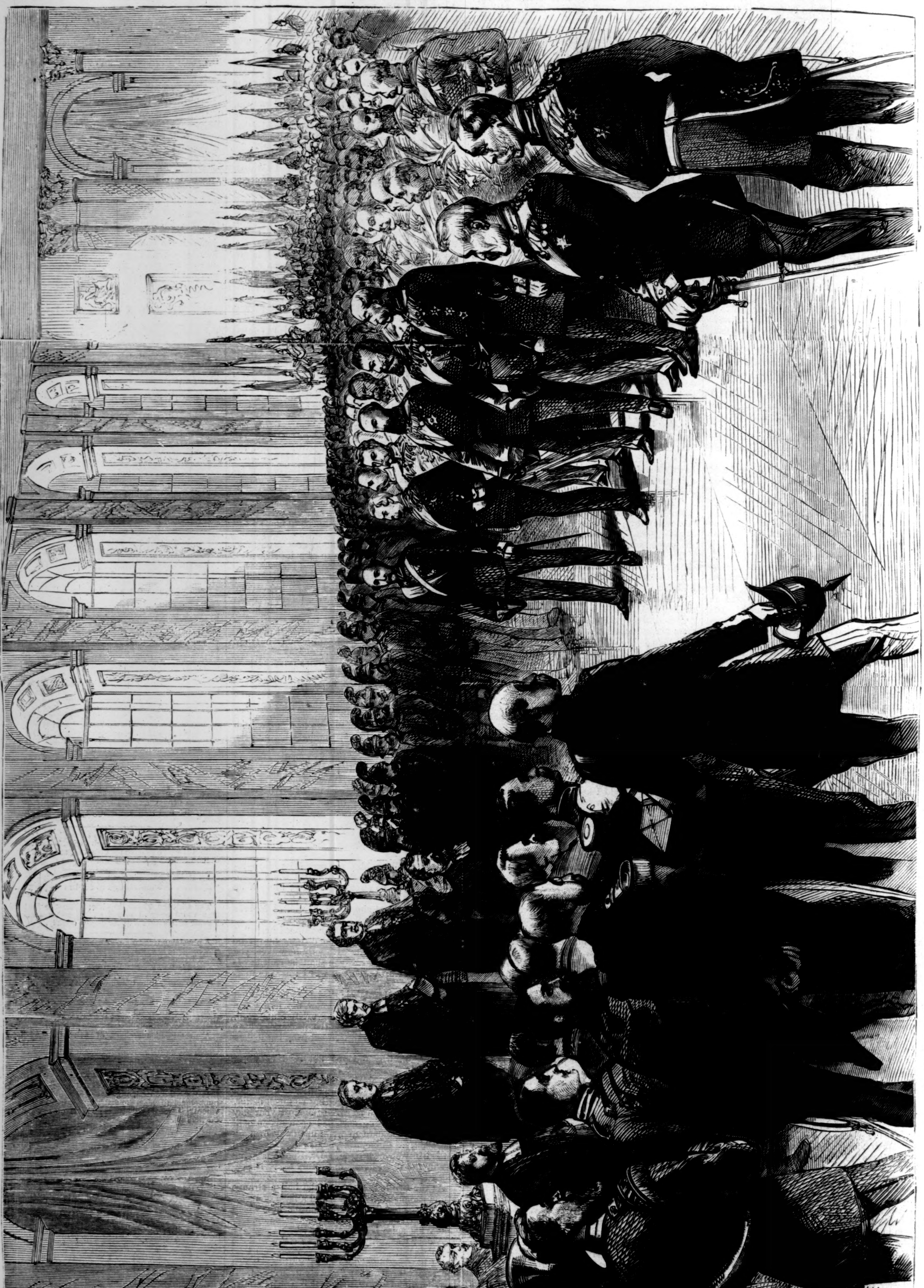
A physician was going his rounds among some small-pox patients in a hospital, and, stopping by the bedside of an Irishman, he inquired, "Well, Pat, how are you to-day?" "Faith, Sir, I am better; but I am so wake that I should not be surprised at all if some one was to come along to tell me I was dead."

The ladies give as a reason for marrying for money that they now seldom find any thing else in a man worth having.

A prominent merchant of Augusta, Georgia, fell dead the other day while conversing with his wife; which shows the need of being careful.

Fitz Hugh Ludlow, in his narrative of travel in "The Heart of the Continent," tells of an eccentric genius who improved on the old yarn to the effect that "the weather would have been colder if the thermometer had been longer," by saying he had been where "it was so cold that the thermometer got down off the nail."

The Tallest of the Broadway Squad during the recent Thaw.



PROCLAIMING THE GERMAN EMPIRE—RELIGIOUS SERVICE IN THE GALERIE DES GLACES, PALACE OF VERSAILLES.—[See Page 195.]

THE COMING MAN.

TO A CROW.

Old crow, if you did but know
How we fret and scrape below,
And die of toil before we accomplish rest,
You would guess, though you can but caw,
Why I sigh at your sticks and straw,
And so envy the easy building of your nest.

You have but to come and go,
You good-for-nothing old crow!
The earth has worms, and plenty of twigs will fall;
But a man must strive all day—
Weary labor, and scanty pay;
And the world is wide, and there are not twigs for all.

And each new spring you can find
A lady-mate to your mind,
And the present bliss is marred by no old pain;
No face of a vanished crow
Looks out of your "long ago,"
To say, "Ah, love!" and, "So soon happy again!"

Ah, bird! have you ever heard
Of sick hearts from hope deferred?
And how hard it is for a man to find his mate?
Can birds be disordered so
As to love what they let go—
As to love and lose, and then to find and hate?

You only caw a reply,
That may pass for "No" or "Ay,"
Yet that discordant tone is music to me;
A pleasant, prosperous sound,
That seems to say, "Though not found,
Somewhere or other thy joy is waiting for thee."

THE NEW ENGLAND FISHERIES.

The decadence of the fishery interests in New England is illustrated by the fact that in the annual meeting of the Nantucket Fishing Company it was voted to sell the vessels owned by them; and the directors were empowered to take measures to that end. It is also stated that while formerly seventy fishing vessels were owned at New Castle, and twenty at Kittery (both in Maine), there are now only seven owned by the former, and one or two by the latter.

SELINA'S STRATAGEM.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

Selina Prescott lived at Albany; Charles Sandford lived in New York. She was an only daughter; he was an only son. Her father had retired from business, and was a man of some property; his father was the head of an influential firm in New York, and Charles sat at a desk in the office, and was likely some time to reign over the concern, whenever the present ruler should feel inclined to resign his sceptre. Selina Prescott was a charming young woman; Charles Sandford was a fine young man. The pair had met at Newport, or Saratoga, or some such place, and fallen in love. The parents on both sides were well content with the love and its probable consequences; and Selina and Charles, after a while, were engaged to each other under the most promising and delightful auspices. Nothing seemed to stand in the way of their happiness; and their marriage was arranged to take place in the spring, it being now autumn.

Selina had heard, during the earlier stages of her acquaintance with Charles Sandford, that that youth was somewhat a "light of love," and sadly given to flirtation. Of course this only attracted her all the more toward him, and she soon forgot the hints and stories she had heard about him in the glow and delight of their deep and genuine mutual love. On the other hand, Charles had been told of Selina, even before he saw her, as a sparkling, heedless young coquette; and this had at first a little discouraged him, and inspired him with a prejudice against her. The discouragement and the prejudice soon vanished, however, when he came to know her, and found, first, that she was delightful; next, that she had a heart; next, that he, too, had a heart; and, finally, that both hearts were filled with the same love.

One day Selina's mother brought her to town rather unexpectedly. They went to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and Selina at once dispatched a dainty little note to Charles announcing their arrival. Her mother and she were looking out of the window shortly after, when Selina saw Charles Sandford driving in a light, open carriage across Madison Square. She was just going to exclaim, "Mamma, here is Charley!" when she saw that a lady was seated by Charley's side: a young and pretty woman, too—*petite*, elegantly dressed, graceful—evidently deep in animated conversation with Charles Sandford. Charles, for his part, never looked up at the windows of the Fifth Avenue Hotel; and, of course, did not see his *fiancée*, who now gazed after him with pale, startled face.

Mrs. Prescott had not seen Sandford, and Selina would not call her attention to him. In some way which she could not explain to herself Selina felt compelled to keep what she had seen a secret from her mother, as if there were something dreadful in it. She felt humiliated, aggrieved, almost outraged. In vain she told herself over and over again that there was probably nothing in the whole affair which could not be easily explained. In vain she reminded herself that her note could not have reached Charley's office before he had left it. All the old stories she had heard of his fickleness and his flirtations came back to her memory, and stung her. Was there not something ominous, and more than merely ominous, about the fact that the very first hour of her arrival in New York she should have seen her lover, for whose coming she was pining, pass under her very windows in the company of a young and pretty woman, of whom she had never heard before?

She brooded over all this silently and very sadly. Her heart became filled with bitterness; and yet she was ashamed of herself for her fears and her suspicions. Mrs. Prescott wondered to find her daughter so depressed and silent and strange.

Late in the evening came Charles Sandford—a fine, manly young fellow, full of animation and love. He told them, what Selina, indeed, well knew already, that he was out when her letter reached his office. But he did not say any thing about his drive or his companion; and as Selina had said nothing on the subject to her mother, she could not just then make any allusion to it. His manner, however, was so loving, and apparently so frank and true, that Selina's fears and jealousies began to die within her breast, and she was prepared to receive readily and confidingly any manner of satisfactory explanation.

Being left alone with her lover for a moment, and being now only too anxious for such an explanation, Selina began:

"I saw you to-day, Charley, when you didn't see me. I saw you when you drove past the windows."

"Oh, did you? Yes; I drove past, and I never looked up! I hadn't the faintest idea that such eyes were on me. 'Angel of God was there none' to tell me that Selina was looking out of those windows."

"That was a very pretty girl with you, Charley." (This with an immense effort to appear perfectly careless and at ease.) "Who was she?"

"Oh, didn't you know? Well, of course you didn't. That was my cousin Lucy."

"Lucy?"

"Yes, dear; Lucy Granger."

"Oh!" (a very blank sort of ejaculation). "You never told me you had a cousin Lucy before."

"Didn't I? No, I believe I didn't. In fact, she doesn't often come to New York; and somehow she and my father don't seem to get on together very well. But Lucy and I are good friends."

"So I should have thought. Where does the lady live?"

"In Philadelphia. She is returning home to-morrow."

"Indeed! She is very pretty."

"Yes, isn't she? And she is just as good as she is pretty, Selina; at least I think so. You must come to know her. She would love you."

Selina made no response to this suggestion. She did not like this mysterious cousinship at all. She liked it still less when Charley said to her a moment after, in a tone which seemed a little constrained and embarrassed:

"If you should see my father to-night, Selina, pray, like a dear girl, don't say any thing about Lucy Granger. My people have a sort of prejudice against her somehow, and there would be no use in stirring it up."

"I shall certainly never mention the lady."

Now why did not Selina, then and there, ask Charles Sandford, frankly and cheerily, for a clear explanation of all this apparent mystery? He would have given it, and it would have been satisfactory. But Selina would ask for nothing in the way of explanation. If he had any thing to say, he could say it; if not, he could remain silent on the subject. Her heart contracted; so did her brow. She became cold and ungenial. He had noticed almost from the beginning a certain chilliness in her manner, and he had now for some moments been watching it painfully. In fact, he was so much absorbed in this unpleasant observation that he hardly thought about Lucy Granger, and the possibility that her being seen in his company in a clandestine sort of way might call for some explanation.

The meeting of the lovers was, therefore, a kind of failure. Their parting was a failure too. Charles Sandford went away, wondering, moody, uneasy. Selina went to her room and cried.

Two or three days of close association somewhat wore away the mutual suspicions and coldness. But when Mrs. and Miss Prescott were dining at Mr. Sandford's the last day of their stay in town Selina saw a letter, addressed in a woman's handwriting, put into Charley's hand. She felt sure it was from Lucy, as, indeed, it was. She said nothing on the subject, but she thought the more. That night she was very cold to her lover, and all but repelled his advances; and that night, too, she cried a great deal.

A few days after she had a letter from Charles, in which he mentioned casually that he had just been to Philadelphia. The letter was full of love. It did not receive a very warm and loving answer. Selina was becoming very angry and jealous. At last she resolved that she would do something decided, at once to try the strength of Charles Sandford's love, and to punish him for having tried her.

Charley came to spend a day or two at her house. She was quite ostentatiously capricious with him; now tender and loving, now cold and repelling. He was much bewildered and pained.

"You wear a locket, Selina," he said to her, suddenly, one day when they chanced to be alone. "I don't know that I ever saw you wear it before."

"Oh yes, I have worn it these many days."

"May I see it?"

"If you wish. It only contains a miniature photograph."

"A likeness?"

"Yes, the likeness of a friend; in fact, a sort of relative—a distant cousin."

"A girl?"

"Oh dear, no. Look at it."

He took the locket. It opened on the pressure of a spring, and showed the miniature portrait of a very handsome man, with dark mustache and brilliant eyes—a man who seemed specially designed by nature to win the admiration of women. Charles Sandford, who was only a fair-haired, manly, good-humored looking fellow, winced as he gazed on the portrait.

"I really didn't know you had such friends or cousins, Selina," he said. "Who is this fellow? and did he give you this?"

Selina evaded both questions.

"Is he not handsome?" she asked; and she threw a glance of admiration at the portrait.

"Did he give you this picture, Selina?"

"Oh no, dear, *he* didn't quite give it to me. But I like to wear it, because he is so handsome."

"I don't like your wearing it, Selina. I don't think you ought to wear it."

Poor Charley was growing quite angry. Selina was maliciously pleased.

"You ought to tell me something about this man, Selina."

"There is really nothing to tell, Charley. I have told you that he did not give it to me, poor fellow. Of course I should not have worn it if he did. But I like to wear it; and I don't see why one should not wear a portrait of a relative. Of course, if you wish me not to wear it, I will put it away."

"Do we understand each other, Selina?"

"Do we not?"

This was said with the prettiest possible affectation of ignorance and innocence.

"Well, I hardly know; of late you seem cold and strange: and I don't like your wearing this man's picture as if you were fond of it."

"I am fond of it. Why should I not be? But, of course, if you insist on my putting it away, I will do so. Only I think that will be very foolish and absurd of you."

The lovers nearly came to a quarrel on that occasion; but Selina apparently grew a little yielding at last, and the storm was averted. Charley took care that evening to have a quiet conversation with Mrs. Prescott, and in the course of the talk made some apparently casual inquiry about Selina's cousin.

"Selina's cousin! What cousin? Oh, I suppose you mean Hugh Stamers—Captain Stamers. He's a distant relative—hardly quite a cousin; but she used to call him Cousin Hugh."

"Is he in New York now?"

"No; he has been in Europe for some time, but I believe he is coming home."

"I suppose Selina likes him very much?"

"Yes, I think Selina liked him very well. Better than I did, certainly, or than Mr. Prescott did. Mr. Prescott does not like him at all."

"Indeed! Why so?"

"Well, he thinks him rather a good-for-nothing fellow. There is not much to be said against him, I fancy; but I dare say he was a little wild, and all that."

This did not tend to reassure or comfort poor Charley. He mentally grumbled a good deal, and was, indeed, beginning to be seriously unhappy. There was, however, nothing to find open fault with—nothing which he could expose to parental counsel. Selina's manner seemed to him cold; but in these matters people who are lovers know not "seems," and will understand nothing which they do not clearly see. Besides, Charles Sandford thought very manfully that when it comes to complaining of your affianced bride to her parents, it is about time that the wedding preparations were countermanded.

He resolved to smother his feelings as well as he could; to be patient, to observe, to put the best construction possible on every thing; and if withal he should yet see reason to believe that Selina repented of her engagement with him, to release her from the engagement, though in doing so he should renounce all he really cared for on earth.

So he was magnanimous, and miserably unhappy. Even New York young men have their feelings. Virtue can not so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it. Pan, in Mr. Stedman's pretty poem, still pipes in Wall Street; and it was only the other day that I saw the star of love and of the shepherds beaming mildly over Union Square. Charles Sandford, therefore, although a youth born of the soil of modern New York, felt bitter pangs of love and jealousy, chill achings of disappointment and distrust, under his fluted shirt-front.

The parting of the lovers this time was cold. Each expected some word from the other, which was unspoken. A by-stander would have probably noticed nothing; even Mr. and Mrs. Prescott regarded the affianced pair as fond and faithful lovers; but the lovers themselves felt the heart-chills only too plainly.

"He never told me any thing of his cousin Lucy," Selina said to herself, "although he has only just been with her in Philadelphia. If he were not conscious of something, he would have spoken of her. Ah! it is all only too plain. He does not love me any more—any more! He would be released from his engagement; and he shall be released!"

"I do believe she loves that fellow," fiercely murmured Charles Sandford—"that confounded scoundrel!" (Observe that he knew nothing whatever to the discredit of the confounded scoundrel.) "Yet, hang it all, why should I think that of her? No; it can't be. But then, if she does not love him, why does she wear his picture? Of course I had Lucy's picture once, but then I didn't wear it; and the case is quite different, for of course I couldn't be suspected of being in love with Lucy! I'll wait and see."

On the whole, Charles was less precipitate—less inclined to condemn entirely and out of hand—than Selina was. Such is, indeed, the way of men. Perhaps women would say that the warmer and deeper the love, the quicker and more fierce the jealousy. However that may be, both the parties suffered keenly, and suffered about equally, in this case. Quite natural, perhaps, that Sandford should think it impossible any one could suspect him of being in love with his cousin Lucy, for he knew. But it was not quite unnatural that Selina should thus suspect him, for she did not know.

A few days, and Selina and her family were again in New York. They came partly to be present at a great ball in Fifth Avenue, which was to be one of the most brilliant affairs of the season. Charles Sandford, of course, was to be there.

He was morose and melancholy, and he came late. The first sight he saw when he entered the ball-room was Selina Prescott in conversation with a man in military uniform. He was struck by the extraordinary flush on her cheek, and the apparent confusion of her manner, when she saw him enter the room. Then the military man turned round, and Sandford saw in him the original of the portrait! A fierce, passionate pang went through his heart, and his temples throbbed for a moment as though a diminutive steam-engine were at work within them. He only bowed to Selina, and turned away. He did not see—he did not wait to see—the tears that sprang to her eyelids. She soon got rid of her military friend, and ran to Mrs. Prescott.

"Oh, mamma!" she whispered, in a tremulous, tearful tone, "I must find Charley! I must go to Charley! He is offended with me, and it is all my own fault—all because of some nonsense of mine. Do let us come and find Charley!"

Mrs. Prescott was partly alarmed, partly amused. She knew what lovers' quarrels were, and she did not believe this could be any thing very dreadful. But, as Mr. Prescott was not near at hand, she readily consented to escort her daughter on the quest for the missing lover. They went through several rooms without finding him; indeed, if it were left to Mrs. Prescott to find him, the search would have been rather vain; for the lady was dreadfully short-sighted, and yet would not consent to spoil her face with glasses of any kind.

They stood on the threshold of a room which was nearly empty. Only two or three groups of persons were scattered through it. It was the supper-room, apparently, and the hour for supper being yet far off, the few guests who were in the room had evidently wandered in merely for coolness and quiet. At the far end of the room Selina's eye lighted on a couple who were seated side by side in the most confidential attitude. They were a lady and gentleman. The gentleman held the lady's hand in his, and was, so far as Selina could judge by the attitudes of both, consoling or encouraging her. Selina's face grew pale as death, and her limbs trembled.

"Come away, mamma," she said, in a low, sad tone.

"Our Charley is not there?" Mrs. Prescott said.

"Our Charley is not there, indeed," replied Selina, with a calmness which cost her a cruel strain. "Our Charley — *my* Charley — is not there!"

She hurried her mother away. The affectionate and confidential couple she had seen were Charles Sandford and his cousin Lucy!

That night two miserable creatures wandered for a while through crowded, glittering rooms. The dawn of next morning found the two miserable creatures sleepless and haggard. Then the two miserable creatures, as if urged by a common and simultaneous impulse, sat down and wrote and dispatched each to the other a miserable letter.

The letters reached their destination about the same time.

This was what Charles Sandford received:

Charles,—The events of last night—I need not more distinctly allude to them—have satisfied me that our engagement has been a sad and cruel mistake. I release you from a bond which can now only be distressing to you, and I wish and pray that you may be happy in the future. Farewell. Selina.

And this was what Selina received:

Selina,—I can no longer doubt, after what occurred last night, that you desire to be released from your engagement with me. I will not ask you to cling to a bond which can only be odious to you. You are free. May you be happy! Charles.

Each was astonished to receive the letter of the other.

"This, then, is a confession," said Charles. "She acknowledges her fatal love for this—this scoundrel; and will not pretend to a love for me which she can no longer feel! Good God! what a cruel change has suddenly come over her, or how heartlessly she must have been deceiving me all this time!"

"He owns himself guilty!" exclaimed Selina. "He has at least the grace not to try to deceive me any more. Oh, how long and cruelly have I been deceived! Oh, Charley! Charley! how much I loved you, and how heartlessly you have treated me! Oh, how I wish that I were dead!"

Selina and her parents were guests at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. When Charles Sandford had got through the melancholy, miserable farce of breakfast he wandered or drifted along Fifth Avenue in the direction of the hotel, drawn thither he knew not why—without purpose, without hope—somewhat as one wanders toward the grave that holds a loved, lost friend. Poor Charles had as little hope of regaining his lost happiness as a man might have of the bodily resurrection of a coffined friend; yet he wandered instinctively round the place where Selina lived, and which was, indeed, the grave, he thought, of his love.

But as he drew near the principal entrance he saw a sight which made his eyes flash and his hands clench. There, at the door, *nonchalant*, lounging, self-satisfied, stood the "confounded scoundrel," the original of the ill-omened portrait! Probably he had only just that moment come from the presence of Selina. "Do you triumph, Roman, do you triumph?" Charles Sandford might well have asked, in the bitter words of Othello.

One thing alone could relieve the heart of poor Charles—a quarrel with this man. Did not the

man make love to Selina Prescott, knowing (as the scoundrel must have known—of course he must have known) that she was engaged to him, Charles Sandford? Was not that ground enough for a thousand quarrels? And if it was not, what matter? quarrel there must be.

Charles approached his hated rival, raised his hat with elaborate courtesy, and in tones as bland as those of a Chesterfield asked if he might be favored with a moment's conversation.

The hated rival bowed, assented, and courteously led Sandford into a secluded part of the hall. Then he bowed again, and awaited Sandford's communication.

"My name is Charles Sandford."

The stranger bent his head, said, "Indeed?" and assumed an expectant attitude.

"My name, Sir, I have said, is Charles Sandford."

"Yes, Sir, you have said so. Now that you have twice told me your name, may I ask you to tell me what you want of me?"

"Does my name not indicate to you?"

"Indeed no, Sir; it indicates nothing whatever. I never, to my knowledge, heard the name before."

Charles started. Was this a dastardly evasion? Could it be that this man really had never heard of him?

"I have the honor surely of speaking to Captain Hugh Stamers?"

"I knew there was some mistake," said the stranger, smiling. "No, Sir, I am not Captain Stamers. I know Captain Stamers; but I am not he, nor like him."

Now this was astonishing. Sandford did not know what to make of it. Could Selina have been deceiving him even more profoundly and more cruelly than he had supposed? Was the story of her cousin only a subterfuge to conceal an affection which had no cousinly relationship to excuse it?

"I fear you will think me rude," Charles went on to say; "but I assure you as a gentleman I have a strong and natural reason for the questions I ask. Were you not last night at the ball given by—" And he mentioned the name of the hostess.

"Yes, certainly."

"One question more." Here Charley hesitated, and a great gulp came in his throat. "You know Miss Selina Prescott, do you not?"

It cost Charley an immense effort to bring out this question. Many of my readers have, I hope, seen Charlotte Cushman play Bianca in "Fazio." Those who have seen the performance will remember how the great actress, pleading to Aldabella for the husband whom Aldabella had beguiled, speaks of him as "one whom you loved, Giraldi Fazio; one who loved you, Giraldi Fazio." The first words are brought out sadly and painfully, indeed; but oh, the unspeakable pain and struggle to get out the latter part of the sentence! It is hard for Bianca to acknowledge that the other woman loved Bianca's husband; but how infinitely harder to acknowledge that the husband loved that other woman! Well, in his own rough and commonplace sort of way, Charles Sandford choked over his question in a manner which showed that jealousy has no sex, and that passion in prose only wants to be genuine in order to be very like passion in tragic poetry.

Very cool and unconcerned came out the answer of the stranger:

"I can hardly say I know the young lady you speak of. I had the honor of being introduced to her last night, and I spoke a few words to her; but that was all. I saw her then for the first time."

And the stranger, who seemed to have had enough of the conversation, and to have done quite enough in the way of courtesy, bowed somewhat coldly, and passed on, leaving Charley *planté là*, and utterly bewildered.

He struggled round unconsciously to the ladies' entrance of the hotel. He almost ran against Mrs. Prescott, who was just coming out.

"Charles Sandford! Well, I am glad to find you here. What *is* the matter between Selina and you? I can't understand it at all. What have you been quarreling about?"

"I—I don't know, Mrs. Prescott. I am very unhappy. I don't think Selina cares about me any more."

"Stuff and nonsense, Sir! The child's only too fond of you—and you know it. Your lovers' quarrel, whatever it is, is breaking her heart. Of course you are in the wrong, and you must come up at once and fall on your knees and apologize."

Charles went up stairs, bewildered, and not knowing what he did. Mrs. Prescott led the way to the suit of rooms she occupied; she opened a door, and bade him enter.

He went in; and his coming caused Selina to start up from the sofa on which she had been reclining; and he saw that the tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"Charley!"

"Selina!"

A moment's pause.

"Selina—one word! Whose portrait—I beg of you to tell me—*whose portrait was that?*"

"Oh, Charley" (with a burst of tears), "I didn't know whose it was when I showed it to you."

"You didn't know?"

"No, indeed, not until last night. I found it in a collection of photographs belonging to Hugh Stamers, and I took it out, and put it in one of mamma's lockets, and wore it—to—to punish *you!*"

"To punish *me!* For what, in the name of Heaven?"

"Because of your cruel, cruel conduct with that girl—your cousin, Lucy Granger!"

"Why, good Heavens, Selina, you don't suppose I am in love with my cousin—with Mrs. Granger?"

"Mrs. Granger? Is she married?"

"Why, certainly. Of course she is; didn't you know? She is married to another cousin of mine, Clayton Granger. And Clayton is hard up, you know, and I am doing my best to get the governor to stand by him and pull him through, for all the folks on both sides are so dreadfully angry with the pair of them because of their having married on nothing. I was in the whole secret of their love-making, and I helped them all through; and I mean to help them yet, by Jove! for I am immensely fond of Clayton and of Lucy."

"Oh, Charley, why didn't you tell me all this before?"

"On my word, I don't know. I didn't think about it at all. I suppose I was too much taken up with my own love, and our engagement and our prospects, and the rest of it, to think about any thing else when I came near you."

"Oh, Charley, I thought you were fond of her, and that you were keeping it a secret; and I used the little portrait to try to make you jealous, and to know whether you really loved me; and I told a little fib—at least a sort of one—for I said it was my cousin's portrait. So it is, you know, for it belongs to him; but I fear that was a small untruth all the same."

"And the man himself was at the ball last night!"

"Yes; and oh! fancy my feelings when some one brought him up and introduced him to me. I turned as red as scarlet, and I could hardly speak. I don't know what the man must have thought of me. Oh, but I don't care what *he* thought—only *you!* Can you ever forgive me and trust me again? I will never distrust you any more!"

I shall not record Charles Sandford's answer. Indeed, it could not conveniently be expressed in words. And I think the story may fairly end here, with the remark that the lovers never did again suspect or distrust each other, and that Selina had no recourse any more to stratagems of any kind to test the strength of Charles Sandford's affection.

PROCLAIMING THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

We give on page 192 an illustration of the ceremonial on the 18th of January, when the King of Prussia formally assumed the new title of "German Emperor." That day was the 170th anniversary of the coronation of the first King of Prussia. It was in the French royal palace of Versailles, built by Louis XIV., and in the splendid Galerie des Glaces—a vast apartment, so called from the mirrors with which its walls are adorned—that the Imperial dignity of United Germany was consecrated by a Lutheran religious service. There was an altar, covered with a red cloth bearing the symbol of the Prussian order of the Iron Cross, erected near the pillar on the south side, to the right and left of which stood deputations from the troops who had accompanied the German banners to Versailles. These banners were held by the standard-bearers on a dais at the east side of the apartment. There were five flags belonging to the Guards and the Landwehr Guards, eighteen of the Fifth Corps, ten of the First Bavarian, and eight of the Second Bavarian Corps, ten of the Sixth Corps, and five of the Eleventh Corps; or fifty-six in all. The Würtembergers, who are at present with the Meuse army, and could not well send in their colors, were represented by a deputation of officers. The whole number of German officers present was between five and six hundred.

His Majesty entered the gallery at a quarter past twelve and took his place in front of the altar, while a choir, selected from the Seventh, Forty-seventh, and Fifty-eighth regiments, sang the hymn, "Jauchzet dem Herrn alle Welt" (Praise the Lord, all the earth). About the King stood many illustrious personages—princes, generals, state ministers, and diplomatists. The King wore the uniform of the First Guards, in which regiment he first earned field rank in 1814. To his right was the Crown Prince, a little withdrawn; the rest of the sovereign princes occupied places still farther back. Behind them were the ministers of state. The group looked like a chapter of the order of the Black Eagle, for the King and many of the Prussian princes wore the grand cordon of that order; there was but one bearer of the cordon of the Red Eagle. The King wore those orders only which were actually gained by him on the battle-field—namely, the full insignia of the Garter and St. George (Russian); the round stars of the high Prussian orders vere conspicuous on his breast.

After the singing of the hymn, some prayers from the Liturgy were read by the Lutheran clergy in attendance; and the preacher of the day, Dr. Rügger, delivered a consecration sermon, in which he referred to the history of the Hohenzollern family, and to the traditions of Versailles. The King stood under the portrait of Louis XIV., on which was the inscription, "Le Roi gouverne de lui-même." This legend was expatiated upon by Dr. Rügger, and furnished a moral to the preacher. The concluding prayers of the Litany were then read, after which the choir began to chant, "Nun danket alle Gott." The King, followed by all the German princes, advanced to the flags, stepped upon the platform, and, having turned round, addressed the assembly, stating that he accepted the title of Emperor at the wish of the people and the princes of Germany, and to secure the national union of the Fatherland. His Majesty concluded by saying, "I command my Chancellor to read aloud my proclamation to the German people." Count Bismarck then read, in a calm voice and with a collected manner, the proclamation, which set forth that his Majesty would do what the princes and the free towns of Germany had unanimously desired, and that he and his successors would add the Imperial title to the Prussian crown, and use this title in all the affairs of the Empire. There was an allusion to the change of frontier, which would guarantee Germany against any future attacks by France, and there was an expression of hope that the good of the Fatherland would be secured by peace and freedom. Count Bismarck read slowly and formally; every phrase could be distinctly heard; and he gave full emphasis to the allusion to the frontier, as though he wished there should be no mistake about it. The crowd of officers and soldiers listened breathlessly to the end, when the Grand Duke of Baden advanced, and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Es lebe Seine Majestät der Deutsche Kaiser Wilhelm, hoch!" The cheer was taken up with wild energy; the band played "Heil Dir im Sieger Kranz" and "God save the Queen." The Emperor and Crown Prince embraced thrice, and the German princes paid homage to the former as "Deutscher Kaiser." This concluded the ceremony. The new Emperor then received the deputations of officers from distant corps, and withdrew, accompanied by the princes, generals, and other illustrious personages. The deputations, with other guests, were entertained by the Emperor in the afternoon, previous to their leaving Versailles, at the Hôtel de France. Numerous promotions took place on this auspicious occasion in the Prussian army, and his Majesty distributed some iron crosses to the Bavarian infantry régiment that bears his name.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The United States government is lavish in providing her legislators with all modern conveniences. We wonder if any other country in the world makes such ample provision as ours does for the national habit of expectoration? From authorized statistics we learn that in the Capitol at Washington there are no less than 688 spittoons, of which 148 belong to the hall of the House of Representatives, and 43 to the Senate Chamber, while 497 are distributed through the committee-rooms and along the corridors and galleries. Upon what principle these apparently indispensable articles are distributed it is somewhat difficult to determine. For example, the room of the Committee on Territories is furnished with nine spittoons, while the Committee on Agriculture have none; the Committee of Ways and Means require eight "expectoroons," while the Senate Library is wholly destitute. The White House shows no lack of these conveniences. Spittoons stand like sentinels on every side. Hotels abound in them; private houses supply them most hospitably; every where they stare one in the face—a constant reminder. We never happened to see a spittoon which we thought ornamental, but it is the least of two evils. We recommend that the number be increased tenfold; that they be supplied to churches, to street cars, to omnibuses, to all public places, including, if possible, our *sidewalks*, which would thereby be rendered more cleanly promenades.

The libraries and galleries of the Vatican have been declared to be national property by the adoption of a resolution of the Italian Parliament. The ministry objected to this measure, but it was carried in spite of their opposition.

A most singular marine disaster befell the steamship *England* a few weeks ago. She left Queenstown with two hundred passengers, encountering on the first day a severe storm, which, although it lasted five days, did no other damage to the vessel than to introduce a small quantity of water into the hold. Suddenly, however, the whole ship was filled with a dense volume of stifling fumes, which rendered it impossible to exist below decks. Engineers, firemen, and all the crew below, were obliged to abandon their work. Not even the saloons could be occupied, and had it not been for a wind which blew the fumes aft, the decks would have been little better. When the trouble was investigated—with great difficulty and danger—it was found to have been caused by the bursting open of some barrels of bleaching powder, and the mingling of the powder with the water in the hold produced the offensive fumes. As it was impossible to remedy the difficulty, since no man could remain below long enough to do any thing, the captain was obliged to return to Queenstown.

The London *Daily News* has been informed that M. Alexandre Dumas left behind him the unpublished manuscripts of twenty-three novels and fourteen plays, and it is not inclined to congratulate lovers of literature on the prospect which this statement holds out. It says: "Dumas was in the habit of constructing skeleton plots by the dozen; and these were filled in with indifferent flesh and blood by his staff of assistants. If those novels are merely novels in outline—if those plays are but the bones of plays—we are sure his literary executors will not presume to have them clothed and named and sold."

Woman's war against the dram-shops is fairly inaugurated in Ohio. One Mrs. Streeter recently recovered damages of three hundred dollars from a liquor-seller for having supplied her husband with liquor, and the consequent injury to her means of support. A Mrs. Wilson also obtained a like sum for a similar cause. The vendors of rum are getting frightened, and many dram-shops have been closed.

Some ladies succeed in being economical in their wardrobes, general criticisms to the contrary notwithstanding. A Philadelphia paper says: "After paying their board bills our lady school-teachers have thirty-six dollars a year to dress with. They manage to dress very neatly."

French prisoners at Dresden complain of much suffering from the cold. There are twenty-two thousand prisoners in Dresden, many of whom are confined in barracks so near the river that it is feared the buildings will be inundated when the ice breaks up in the spring.

M. Ponson du Terrail, a most fertile sensational novelist, recently died, at the age of forty-three, from a combined attack of small-pox and scarlet-fever. For some time before his premature death M. Ponson du Terrail had been a captain of francs-tireurs, and for two months he haunted the forest of Orleans, which was his native place, and did much damage to the enemy. The hard life he led during this campaign broke down his constitution. A few days before his death, when some friends were talking in his presence about the awfulness of 1870, he said he was greatly pleased with the year. Astonished, they asked him why; and he answered, "Because nobody can hereafter tax 'Rocambole' with improbability." "Rocambole" is one of his most extravagant works.

One man who has been confined in a Connecticut jail seems to be in the wrong place. He is quite too honest to be very bad, and must have been sent to prison by mistake. Three of the prisoners the other evening pried out the nail from over the door latch, and walked out for a little fresh air and exercise. The other one, to whom reference has been made, hunted all over town for the police force, and told him, when found, that he was lonesome down there, and wanted some company, or else to be released himself.

From all parts of America contributions in money and food are being sent to the starving in France. Two United States steamers, one at Boston and one at New York, have been placed at the disposal of the committees organized in those cities for the purpose of sending supplies to the suffering in France and Germany.

The House of Commons has voted a dowry of £30,000 to the Princess Louise, and an annual allowance of £6000.

The official report concerning the result of the re-enumeration of the city and county of New York indicates an increase of 16,767 over the number obtained by the first taking of the census. In the first instance the census was begun in June, the second time in December, and a summer enumeration in a great city would naturally be less than a winter one. The population of New York now stands at 942,252.

The Wisconsin *Journal of Education* gives seven maxims for teachers, which are worthy of consideration: Never teach what you don't quite know. Never tell a child what you can make him tell you. Never give a piece of information without asking for it again. Never use a hard word if an easy one will convey your meaning, and never use any word at all unless you are quite sure it has a meaning to convey. Never begin an address or a lesson without a clear view of its end. Never give an unnecessary command, nor one which you do not mean to see obeyed. Never permit any child to remain in the class, even for a minute, without having something to do, and a motive for doing it.

Royalty is becoming more and more literary. Many kings and queens have written books; but now Louis, King of Bavaria, is said to be about to take the editorship of a musical journal.

Brigham Young proposed to marry a car-load of female recruits who recently arrived in the saintly city, but only fifteen of them would entertain the offer. Surely his influence is waning.

A splendid monument is to be erected over the grave of Beethoven at Vienna, a distinguished Austrian nobleman having inaugurated the movement.

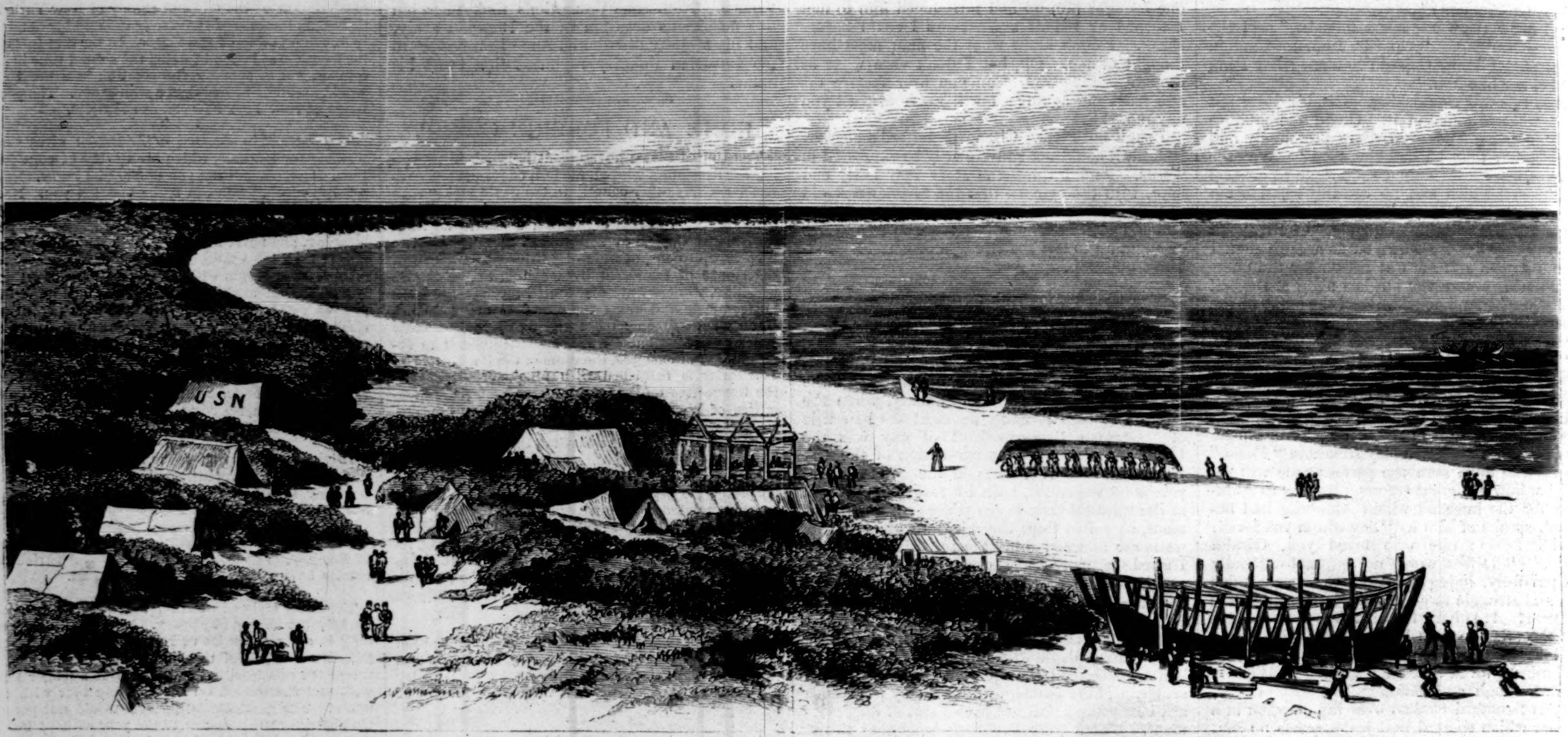
The latest style of wedding tour appears to allow the bridegroom to go by proxy. After a brilliant wedding in a rural district of New York, not long ago, friends accompanied the happy couple to the dépôt, where the new husband bade his bride a tender farewell, and she started on the wedding tour with her uncle! The gentleman's business would not permit his absence at this season of the year without incurring possible losses, and losing important business opportunities; and he believes in attending to business before pleasure. There must have been a screw loose somewhere in the joining of this couple.

The mental pressure to which young children are subjected in both public and private schools often brings to mind the reply of a little girl when asked by her teacher, "How is it that you do not understand this simple thing?" "I do not know, indeed," she answered, with a perplexed look; "but I sometimes think I've so many things to learn that I have no time to understand."

The Dahoman language—spoken in some section of Western Africa—is easy enough to learn, if one will not be in too much of a hurry. For example, the word *jug* is expressed by simply saying *see noo-noo ee-a voo-tong.* *Moon* is *hath ee hing-flah-do-wee.* Should one wish to compliment a Dahoman belle, to express the sense of the word *beautiful* he must say *ee-nin dag bee-dag be.*

Pompeii is always accessible to strangers and citizens in Naples for a couple of francs on week-days, and for nothing on Sunday. But it is not always that the pick-axes and shovels of the workmen are ready to lay open to curious eyes the secrets of some hitherto uncovered habitation of the ancient Pompeiian. A visitor in Naples informs us, however, that, when persons of distinction go there, Signor Fiorelli is always ready to arrange a special excavation for their pleasure. The top layer, so to speak, of buried Pompeii is skimmed off by ordinary laborers, without any special supervision, but they can not be trusted when in the vicinity of delicate and valuable portable articles. That test is greater than the Neapolitan workmen can endure. A special Pompeii excursion was arranged for a portion of the United States Scientific Expedition, who passed through Naples on their way to Sicily, where the total solar eclipse was to be observed. Two or three promising shops and houses had been reserved by the superintendent for such an occasion, and in front of them chairs were placed for the company. The débris had been left to the depth of two or three feet over the floors, and the doorways had been blocked by large stones to keep the looser dust from rolling out into the clean-kept street. A dozen men were immediately set to work, and about as many *custodi* stood by, watching with all the sharpness of their long-trained eyes that nothing might be caught up and concealed. Digging soon developed a building which had been evidently a shop, containing a furnace set in brick, various bronze vessels, and sundry articles similar to those which have been placed in the museum of Pompeii. Signor Fiorelli has done wonders in collecting and arranging the articles in this museum. Every thing unearthed is immediately stowed away, by order of government, though many articles are already duplicated by the score. Every body who goes to Pompeii is watched by the guide; but, for all that, every body whose conscience is not too scrupulous manages to pick up, undetected, a few bits of black or white marble from some Mosaic floor, or a piece of stone from a temple or theatre.

MIDWAY ISLAND HARBOR AND COAL DÉPÔT.—From a Sketch by R. W. Andrews.—[See Page 197.]



"CAMP SAGINAW," OCEAN ISLAND.—From a Sketch by R. W. Andrews.—[See Page 197.]

BAY OF PANAMA.—[See Page 197.]

ADIEU!

THE BAY OF PANAMA.

About two and a half miles northwest of Panama are situated the beautiful islands of Perico, Flamenco, and Islñao, the joint property of the Panama Railroad and the Pacific Mail Steamship companies, and are occupied by them as the rendezvous of the California and Central American lines of steamships. These islands, of which we give a sketch on page 196, are well wooded, and abound in fine springs of water. Flamenco, the largest of the three (about half a mile in length by a third in breadth), has on its southern side a fine beach, which, as the tides here rise and fall from twelve to twenty-one feet, gives admirable facilities for the repairs of the shipping. Excellent and capacious anchorage exists here. The building of the Panama Railroad, and the establishment of the connecting lines of steamships in the Pacific, have revived the ancient commercial prosperity of the city of Panama, which, previous to 1744, was the principal entrepôt of trade on the Pacific coast, but began to decline from that time, owing to the diversion of traffic to the Cape Horn route.

THE STORY OF THE "SAGINAW."

We give on page 196 two sketches of scenes on Midway and Ocean islands, North Pacific Ocean, which have been brought into notice by the attempt of the government to make a coaling station of the former. The latter is where the United States steamer *Saginaw*, employed in connection with the work on Midway Island, was totally wrecked, on Saturday, the 29th day of October, 1870.

Under an appropriation made by Congress of $50,000, the United States steamer *Saginaw* left San Francisco for Midway Island, *via* Honolulu, on the 22d of February, 1870, having on board a party of divers, mechanics, and laborers, to the number of thirteen, in the employ of the contractor, G. W. Townsend. About the same time a schooner sailed for Midway Island, carrying the materials for prosecuting the work, and supplies for the party to last six months. In March the *Saginaw* reached the island, and shortly after the schooner arrived. Work began at once upon the bar, which was to be cut away until the depth of water was increased to twenty-four feet, requiring the cutting away of five or six feet, on an average, of coral rock. The bar was surveyed by naval officers, and records of rise and fall of tide were kept, under the superintendence of Lieutenant-Commander Montgomery Sicard, commanding the *Saginaw*. In addition to this duty, the *Saginaw* was to furnish frequent communication with the Sandwich Islands, to carry the mails, furnish reports of progress, and convey such supplies as were required. A large scow, sufficiently strong to resist the heaviest seas which might strike her in the exposed position she was to occupy, was constructed, and provided with a stationary engine and derrick for taking inboard the masses of coral removed by blasts. During the building of the scow, which took some weeks, blasting was carried on from boats. The charges were of common blasting powder, contained in tin canisters, and discharged by electricity. A diver, in submarine armor, was employed to place the charges in position in the crevices of the coral, and afterward to attach the masses to the hoisting gear.

In May the *Saginaw* left the island for the first trip to Honolulu; and from there Captain Sicard sent home his first report, which showed that the difficulties of the undertaking had been far too lightly estimated. He gave his opinion

that, instead of $50,000 and one season's labor, there would be required several years' time, and over $200,000, to complete the task of cutting the bar sufficiently to permit the safe entrance of large vessels, such as the steamers of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, for whose use the station had been mainly intended. He also showed that the harbor would be unsafe even after the bar had been removed. The *Saginaw* returned to Midway Island in June, remaining but a short time, leaving again for Honolulu in July. She returned in August, and left again the same month. On the 1st of October she left Honolulu for the last time, as the appropriation for the work on Midway Island would be exhausted during that month; and it was Captain Sicard's intention to convey the working-party direct to San Francisco.

On the 21st work ceased on the bar, leaving as a result a cut to the requisite depth entirely across the bar, and about twenty-five feet wide—an accomplishment which showed careful and judicious expenditure of the funds provided, while it was but a step toward a result which would be of practical benefit. Having secured on shore the scow, boats, and other property it was necessary to leave, the expedition embarked, and left harbor at 4 P.M. on Friday, the 28th of October, in good spirits, anticipating a pleasant trip to San Francisco. In all her trips since leaving that port the vessel had experienced good weather, and had never met with accident of any kind; so that none felt other than perfect confidence in the success of the voyage. Captain Sicard took a nearly westerly course, intending to visit Ocean Island, which lay at a distance of about fifty miles in that direction, to look for any wrecked sailors who might by chance be upon that little-frequented island. Having a fair wind astern, the engines were run very slowly during the night, and at 2 o'clock they were stopped entirely, as land was supposed to be not far distant.

About 3.30 A.M. on Saturday, October 26, breakers were reported ahead, and the engines backed; but their power could not overcome the vessel's speed, impelled as she was by sail, before striking the reef. Attempts were made to furl sail, but time was wanting. Immediately after striking, the engines were disabled, and the vessel lay impaled upon the rock, one point of which came through the bottom of the vessel, and raised the floor-plates in the fire-room. Heavy seas broke over the ship, and in the darkness each one feared that every shock would break her in pieces; but she remained nearly intact until daybreak. Every one was employed getting out provisions from the hold. When daylight came it showed to the anxious crew a sand island about a mile away, and a broad, nearly dry reef beneath the ship, to and from which men could easily and rapidly pass. The boats and most of the provisions were saved and removed to the shore. During the morning the portion of the vessel forward of the engines separated from the stern, and was broken up. The after-part remained high and almost dry on the reef for a week or more. Uncertain how long the officers and crew might have to remain on the island, they were at once put on short and equal rations. Of the food saved, the most was injured. Scarcely any of the bread, flour, and vegetables had escaped soaking in salt-water. Of these the daily allowance was four ounces, a quarter of the full ration, and for meat recourse was had to seals and black albatross. Such was their diet during the whole stay of the crew on the island, save that the vegetable ration was reduced successively from four to two ounces, and then to one. For variety there were a few fish and an occasional turtle. The meat saved was kept as a reserve to supply boats departing on expeditions; for the whole party, ninety-three in number, it would have been but a few days' rations. No fresh-water was found at first; but a small boiler, which had been on the *Saginaw's* deck, was set up as a condenser, and a very limited supply was produced.

For a long time much discomfort was caused by the want of salt; but after a while the sole iron kettle was employed to boil down sea-water, and thereafter the precious seasoning was doled out to each in homeopathic doses. Very fortunately the ship contained men accustomed to mechanical labor in various directions, and there were saved many tools, which, belonging to the contractor's party, had not been stowed below decks. As soon as the wreck had been cleared of such things as it was possible to obtain, and which would be of any use to the shipwrecked party, work was commenced, putting up tents made of the sails and awnings of the ship, and then preparing the captain's "gig" for a voyage to Honolulu. She was ready, and left for her perilous voyage of 1200 miles, on the 18th of November. Before this time there had been much sickness, caused by the change of diet and exposure. Having no medicines, disease had to take its own course; but after the boat sailed matters began to mend, and on that very day fresh-water was found by accident. Work was at once started on a second boat, to fit her for crossing to Midway Island, and the keel was laid of a cutter-board schooner forty feet long.

With no intervals of rest, neither holidays nor Sundays, the work went on; every body hopeful, yet not assured of the success of the gig's voyage. Many had begun to give her up as lost, when, on the 3d of January, there appeared the black smoke and afterward the hull of the Hawaiian steamer *Kilanea*, sent to the relief of the unfortunate crew by the Hawaiian government. When communication was had with the ship it was found that relief had cost the lives of four of the brave volunteers who went in the gig, in being cast upon the shore of Kauai. This alone damped their comrades' joy at escape from their island prison. The *Kilanea* brought comforts and luxuries as well as necessaries. It was without regret that, after an occupancy of sixty-eight days, Ocean Island was left behind. The *Kilanea* visited Midway Island for coal, and then steamed direct to Honolulu.

The sketch of Ocean Island shows the camp, named Camp Saginaw, and looks quite green and pleasant—even a romantic watering-place—but the reality was not so charming. The bushes, though green, gave no shade nor shelter, and bore no fruit. No grass grew, and the sand rose like dry snow in the wind, entering every hole and crevice, filling eyes and mouths, whitening food, and muddying drink. The sketch taken on Midway Island represents the houses built by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company for the accommodation of their agent and employés. The ground is covered, as shown, with thousands of black albatross, which in smaller numbers are found on Ocean Island, and furnished much of the food of the *Saginaw's* crew.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

Miss "C.," of Troy, N. Y., in three years and eleven months, earned with a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine $2308 92, in stitching 638,652 collars, equal to 216 miles and 1528 feet of seam, making 117,102,300 stitches, an average of 100,000 per day and 12,500 per hour.—[*Com.*]

Drunkard, Stop!—The most confirmed cases of Intemperance cured by Dr. Beers, by a very simple remedy; it never fails. Send for a circular and convince yourself. Address C. C. Beers, M.D., Box 5110, New York.—[*Com.*]

Winchester's Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is a certain Cure for Consumption.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SOMETHING ABOUT WATCHES.

Readers of the newspapers for the past few years can hardly have failed to notice an article originally published in the *Providence* (R. I.) *Journal*, which has been widely copied, concerning the method and advantages of construction, beauty, and durability of the Ladd Patent Stiffened Gold Watch Cases, and last, but not least, the very moderate prices at which they are afforded as compared with heavy solid gold cases of equal strength and durability. But as the question "What is the Ladd Patent Watch Case?" is constantly recurring, a few lines for the enlightenment of inquirers will not be amiss at the present time.

To the eye the Ladd Patent Watch Case is in no respect different from one of solid gold—in point of fact *it is* no different, except in the greater metallic value of the latter, and is the same to all intents and purposes for wear and use.

The outer surface is solid gold, thick enough to richly and elegantly engrave and engine-turn; underneath this is the nickel composition stiffening (taking the place of gold useful only as a stiffening in the solid gold case, while adding heavily to its cost); then comes the inner surface of gold, thus forming practically a gold watch case.

The inception of the idea in the mind of the inventor was occasioned during the practice of his trade as a watchmaker, some years ago, by noticing the many poor and miserable gold cases of watches brought to him for repairs. As a class, these cases were reduced to the thinnest possible point in material, in order to bring their cost down to a salable price, the consequences of which were seen in the dented, marred, and twisted covers, sprung and broken joints, heads bent or torn off, bows in all conditions of infirmity, bezels so meagre in stock as to be unable to hold glasses or stay in place from sheer weakness—in short, afflicted with all the various ills that such watch cases are heirs to.

This was particularly noticeable in the ladies' watches, which, it may be added, are too often selected by their purchasers for other than their serviceable qualities. Far better would it have been for their owners, both on the scores of beauty and usefulness, had these thin, fragile cases been strengthened with a stiffening in the manner of the Ladd Watch Case.

The cases of the larger or gentlemen's watches, though more "stocky" from necessity, yet were weak and feeble in structure, and quite frequently of very low carat, or what was known at the time as Philadelphia gold, a compound which might nearly as well have been all base metal but for its name.

The question which then forcibly took possession of his mind was, "Can not a practically gold watch case be made to take the place of such invalids as these—stout, strong, beautiful, durable—able to stand as hard usage as these have been subjected to without flinching, and yet be afforded at a price low enough to place it within the means of the large class of people preferring a gold watch to any other?" And the answer, after many costly experiments and unsuccessful attempts, is before the public in those elegant and substantial Hunting and Open-Face Watch Cases for ladies and gentlemen, and in almost endless variety of style and finish. They are manufactured by Messrs. J. A. Brown & Co., No. 11 Maiden Lane, New York, at their factory in Providence, R. I., by whom descriptive circulars are sent on application, and are now for sale by wholesale and retail dealers throughout the country.

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67.	Barney O'Hea	Lover
77.	Bashful Young Lady	Glover
340.	Beauty and Time	Lover
84.	Bell Goes Ringing for Sairah	Hunt
40.	Belles of Broadway	Raymond
408.	Better Late than Never	Blockley
65.	Boston Belles	Raymond
56.	Bootblack's Song	Waverly
320.	Bother the Fashion	Butler
187.	Bother the Men	Walker
409.	Bowld Sojer Boy	Lover
316.	Broken Down	Sinclair
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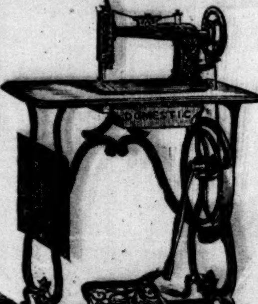

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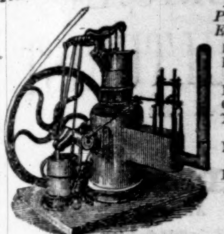

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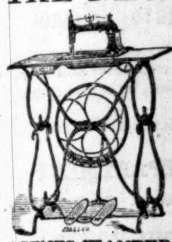

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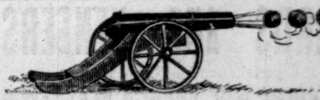

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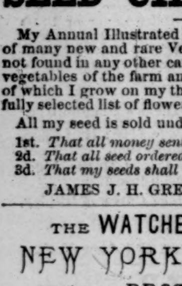

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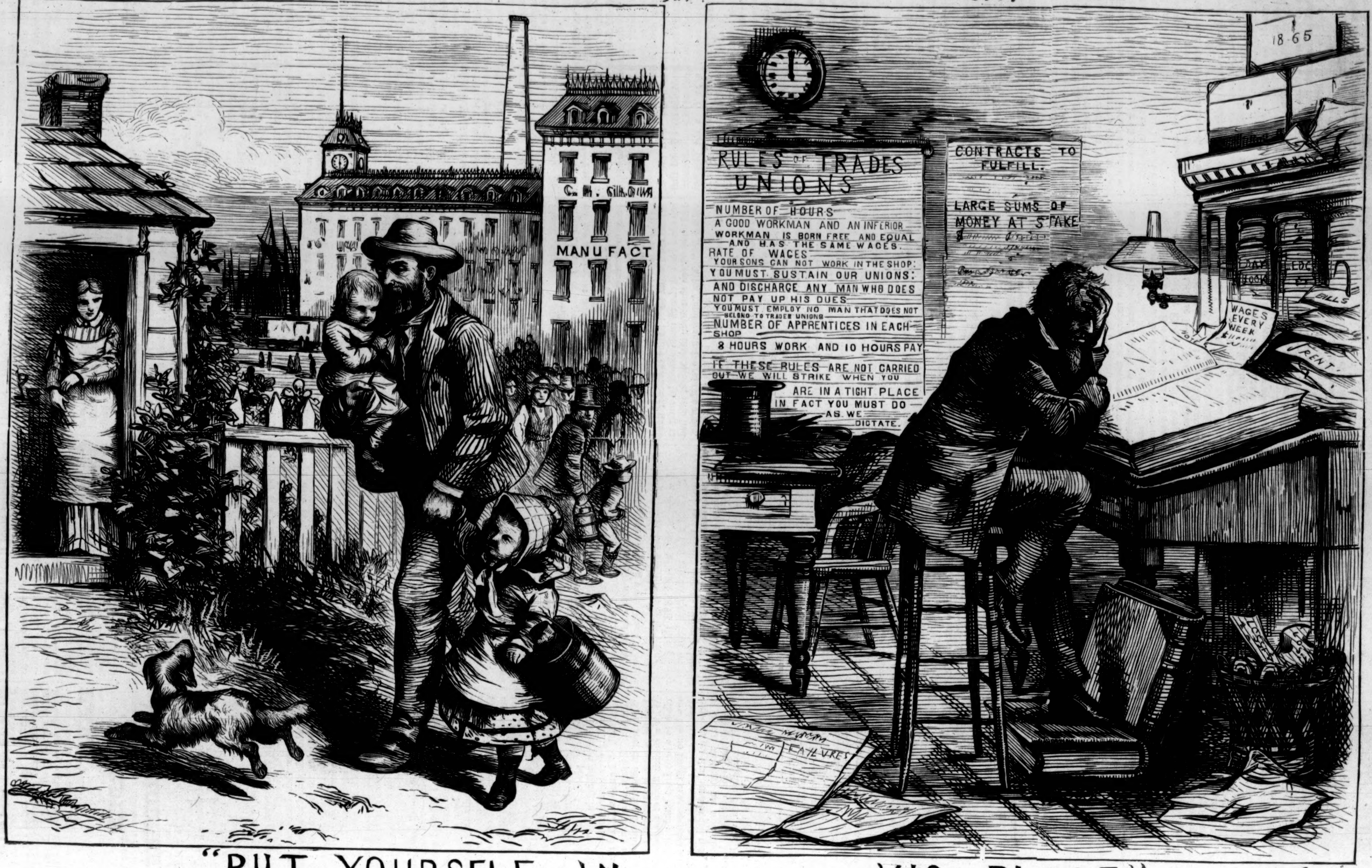


"PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE."

"CONTENT IS HAPPINESS" "ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS"

Th. Nast.

ONE NIGHT.

IT had happened twice. When I went to my work after each service I found that the reed stops had been pulled out against my express desire; and all my labor—as I chose to believe—had been wasted.

Perhaps organ-builders, as a rule, are bad-tempered men. I am, and I own to it at once. You may guess, then, that I was not much inclined to rejoice when I heard that there was to be an eleven o'clock service on the night of New-Year's Eve.

"You will have the kindness," I said, sternly, to the beardless little schoolmaster who played during the absence of the regular organist, "*not* to use the reed stops."

"All right, Sir," he simpered.

All right, was it? We should see.

"It is hard enough," I blustered, "to be sent for to such a job at this time of year. I don't care to have to do it half a dozen times instead of once—through your obstinacy."

"All right," he smiled, once more. "But shall you not be at church yourself?"

"I think there are various spots where I would rather be in the middle of a winter night," said I, turning on my heel.

But, all the same, my mind was made up to go. It was a great old gloomy church of three aisles, with a heavy tower. Very beautiful it might have been made with Mr. Scott's assistance; but very gaunt and bare and unbeautiful the five thousand parishioners of St. Mark's were content to allow it to remain.

The best part of it was the organ, a fine old instrument by Bernhard Schmidtz, and fit for a cathedral.

Perhaps it was natural that the friends of St. Mark should be proud of his bells (there not being much else in the neighborhood to beget pride at all), but I always shuddered when I heard them, and hastened to my lodgings (which were out of hearing), with my teeth on edge, and metaphorical wool in my ears.

Always, I say, until this New-Year's Eve, when, as they tuned up for the extraordinary midnight service, I hastened in the other direction, into the very shadow of St. Mark's tower, under the very clash of the bells.

I crept up to the gallery, opened the side door of the instrument, and (after looking cautiously around, to be sure I was alone) bolted in with a congratulatory chuckle, and shut it all up as before.

I heard very little of the reading; what I did hear I did not heed; but the playing? Yes, I did hear that, oh, very distinctly indeed; with a rather painful distinctness.

What with the squeaking of the treble stops, and the creaking of the bellows, and the buzzing and booming of the pedal-pipes, mine was any thing but an enviable situation.

The canticles and the hymns were over at last; but then to my great dismay I found that during the collection there was to be a voluntary. I gleaned no comfort even from the pleasant thought that they would not bring the plate to me.

The little organist was in his element now—at least he seemed to think so. In the very vibration alone I could feel the evident elevation of his spirits. His feet danced on the pedals; his fingers tripped on the keys; I could see, in imagination, the rolling of his conceited little head as he added absurd little trills and shakes to Rossini's "Carita."

Presently, as I expected, out came the Cremona stop; but, as he did *not* expect, in it went again at a touch of mine. Yet actually, in the very face of that, out popped the Hautboy! In it went in the twinkling of an eye, and I could distinguish that, for an instant, the busy hands quavered uselessly, as if in a panic. Then the little musician seemed to renew his vagaries with a movement of desperation, as if he had summoned all his efforts for another trial. Rather slowly and cautiously the Clarion stop was drawn out. Rather quickly and incautiously it was pulled in again.

The notes ceased suddenly. A very extraordinary silence fell on the church, and I chuckled in my packing-case over the novel and abrupt termination of "La Carita" in the middle of a bar.

The sermon was over, but no voluntary was forthcoming. Aha! he was afraid of the haunted instrument.

Presently I should hear him lock the organ; then I would rush out upon him like an accusing spirit. How he should cower and quake!

The singers straggled down from the gallery, but there was no sound or movement in the organ-loft. He must have gone to speak to some one. What a long time he was! There was not a step to be heard now in all the church. What had he to gossip about while he left his organ open? I grew impatient; I would come out and meet him on his return.

Perhaps, after all, he *was* there in the silence, staring at his music; thinking how, next time he played, he would improve Handel, or enliven Bach.

I crept into the outer world, rather glad to leave my cramped position.

Ah! What was this? Darkness! a heavy, damp, unearthly darkness.

The rascal! sneaking away and leaving the organ open in this way.

The arrant little coward! Had he crept off because he was afraid of the supernatural agency which had pushed back the stops? for I never guessed that he could have forgotten; I, who nearly always had some organ or other upon my mind. I closed it first carefully, then I began to think about myself, partly because various bruises forced themselves on my attention, partly because there seemed to be nothing else to think about.

It was almost a mile along the gallery! Then the steps; I might have been going down the Monument staircase for the time it took me! But at last I felt out the door, with a large blue elevation in the middle of my forehead, and the dust of ages in each palm. Locked! bolted! ruthlessly barred between me and my genial fellow-creatures; between my dark prison and the warmth and light of the homes without.

I kicked and shouted; but there was no answer except the wind sweeping by, shaking the glass in the old casements above me. I looked round helplessly—I mean I turned my head round *most* helplessly, feeling the darkness like a dreadful tangible thing. Then despairingly I gave a louder shriek than ever. How weirdly it echoed up the aisles and vibrated in the organ-pipes like a crowd of ghostly, mocking answers! But it brought no other answer, and I knew then that it was useless to hope for help from without. What should I do? I felt so sick and giddy that I sat down upon a bench against which I had stumbled near the door, and tried to steady my mind to the inevitable night in this dreadful cold and darkness. I knew I was not a coward; I knew there was little of the superstitious in my nature; I could face darkness and loneliness perhaps better than many a bigger man; but what a cheerless, comfortless night this would be! What a beginning of a new year! What would they think at my lodgings? would they send out and seek me? They might even guess, and send here. What a laugh I would have over this! That little organ-playing rascal would try, perhaps, to laugh at me for this unexpected sequel to my plot; but that would not matter much, I could soon quench him. What was that? Only the wind again; how it had risen, and how those blessed windows creaked, and shook, and chattered! Why could not they repair the windows? It would be a good deal more sensible than spending so much on the organ. Especially since the last organist left (and he *was* an organist), and left no respectable player in the parish to take his place. Where was the pulpit? Oh, it must be over there, straight opposite me. Could I not make believe very much, like the little Marchioness, and see it lighted up, and hear a gentle, gray-haired old man preaching to me? Not a bit of it. I'll defy a man, sitting alone in an empty, vault-like place at midnight—the wind swaying and groaning and shrieking all round it—to fancy a pleasant lighted church full of cheerful listeners, and a genial old man telling them, in a kindly, friendly way, how to make themselves happy forever. Yes, just as I will defy you, at your warm, bright firesides, or in your sunny gardens, to fancy me groping in this heavy darkness—knowing I was shut out from all my natural world, until that world should choose, for its own purpose, to summon me. They would open the church in the morning for me to go on with the organ. Ah! it would be indeed for me.

Was it one o'clock yet? I wondered. Why, all the town would be in bed by this time; those who had been at church could almost be snug in bed now. Even that mean little sneak, who had ruined the "Carita," and wanted to ruin the organ, even he was probably asleep by this time, and I had never frightened nor fought him. It was almost more than human patience could stand. Did that ridiculous wind want to come in too, that it rattled the windows in that fiendish manner? Well, it could not go on long, I should think, at that pace. What was that? The whole building was shaking. No wind that. No, only the reverberation of the great clock bell. One! What a gloomy note it was! how different to the sound, twelve hours ago, when I had left my work in pleasant anticipation of the dainty little hot dinner I had ordered! It had a cheery sound then; now it rolled sullenly and despondingly through the tower. How many people, or rather how few, would be awake to hear it! Ah! a sudden thought struck me; fool, never to have imagined it before. If I rang the bells, or even tolled one bell, it would surely summon somebody who could open the door to me. I could try, at any rate; it should not be my fault if I spent the wretched night that loomed before me. How long would it take me to reach the belfry? I knew how to find it in daylight, but now? Well, I *might* find it now; I would grope until I did, at any rate.

Feeling along the sides of the high old pews, I went on until I reached the wall, along which somewhere I should find the little iron-nailed door. Then, as I felt I was nearing it, a sudden fear overtook me. It would be locked; they would naturally lock the door of the tower. I went on still, my hand outstretched upon the wall, but with no spirit in the search now.

At last my hand slipped, and I felt the iron nails of the little door of the belfry stairs. I turned the handle. Yes, it opened to my touch, and I was free to mount the narrow way, and make my imprisonment known to the sleeping world without. The steps were awkward and unpleasant in daylight, but what they were to me then I can not say. But now I could feel a new air—a wider, colder kind of air; and I knew I was in the belfry at last. Yes, there were no more steps to climb. Now I must feel my way once more by the wall—and for the last time.

To the right or left should I go? Some childish idea turned me to the right. How far would the ropes be away? My right hand went up to the wall; my left I held out before me as advanced guard, to give notice of any obstacle the intense darkness might hide. And so I went along—my palm scratched and grazed by the rough surface of the stones—until suddenly there ran through all my nerves a strange, horrible thrill; my breath seemed to stop with a spasmodic gasp, for my groping right hand had been stopped by a man's shoulder, close against the wall, just at the height my own head would be. A human shoulder! I never could have mistaken that, though the instant after touching it my hand had dropped, and I leaned against the stones steadying myself. In the horrible, heavy silence my own heart-beats sounded almost like the striking-bell of the clock. This was a fiendish place to be in; why should there not be unearthly figures about it in unnatural postures? What more fitting place could they choose than this damp, weird place, up above all human sights and sounds, only level, it seemed, with the raving, tearing wind? and what more fitting time for them than this winter midnight? How long was it since it struck one? When would it strike two? It would be almost a relief to hear the clock again—the great heavy pulse that might still my own for a minute. It seemed a whole long night since I crept into that infer— into that dismal organ-loft.

"What was the use of it, after all? If every stop had been used the whole time, the organ would not have been really injured. I need not be half such a fidgety, anxious fellow as I am over the instrument; I might very well have let that poor little donk—that poor little gentleman alone for this conf—for this one service. I had better, indeed, have been sitting decently in a pew down stairs, listening to the old parson. He said a good many capital things, no doubt; I do not see why I should have scoffed at the idea of the service: I wonder that I had done it. I would not again, for it was done for a good purpose. After all, I was in a holy building too; I do not see why I should be afraid; it was only imagination, I dare say. What figure could be up in such a place as this—and silent too? Nonsense! it must have been a coat, hung up perhaps by one of the ringers. Was I growing a coward in my old age? I would go to it again. Suppose I spoke first. I don't know why I should, seeing it was only a bell-ringer's coat; but I will, just to air my own voice. It did not sound exactly like my own, though, when it did come. "Is any one here in the belfry with me?" I said; "if so, pray speak, for I am shut alone in the church." No answer. Of course not—I laughed a little grim kind of laugh—what answer had I expected from an empty coat? I took a few small hesitating steps forward, and, shutting my eyes, even in the dense darkness, perhaps to concentrate all my powers in my sense of touch, I put out my right hand with a slow, cautious movement along the wall again. For an instant my head reeled as if it would throw me down like a teetotum, for my fingers went straight into a thick mass of tangled hair, and when I drew them suddenly back and put them to my head to steady it, they were cold as death. No bell-ringer's coat—a ghastly, hairy head! not human, of course! What living man would be standing thus in such a place, the head flattened against this rough cold wall? If it had been any one shut in like myself, he would have only too readily answered my words; besides, what human being would stand in such a posture? What living man? Ah! that brought a new horror to my mind. *Was* he living—or could a corpse be stationed so in this ghostly place? Could a foul murder have been once—Nonsense! had not the ringers all been chiming there gayly only a couple of hours before? If there had been a corpse; but—I would listen for the breath. I do not know how I could do it, though you may laugh at the horror it had for me—in your comfortable incapacity for picturing this ghostly tower. I bent my head forward, listening; but the thump of my own heart and the gusts that raged round me were all I heard. Was it human or supernatural? Was it living or dead? Oh! where were the bells, that I might summon kindly release from this horrible imprisonment? But how could I reach the bell now? I dare feel my way no farther, with the possibility of another ghastly figure barring my progress. Yet if I did not—oh, horror! to imagine a whole night here, in Heaven knew what awful companionship! No; I would summon all the strength and courage that I used to think I possessed, and walk straight off into the space till I felt the ropes. Spreading now my two hands before me, I stumbled on, round and round, backward and forward, frantically dashing out my hands in all directions, until at last, oh, Heaven be thanked! I clutched the carpeted rope, and felt that the power of bringing help was in my hand at last. But then a new dread crept over me. I actually was afraid to sound the bell. There, when I had reached what I had been struggling for, this new, cowardly fear took entire possession of me. My eyes were strained and wide open in the darkness: the rope was grasped in both my sore and bleeding hands, and there I stood trembling like a child. How did I know what the sound might not waken? Did I not know for a certainty that I was not alone in this haunted place? At the first note of the clanging bell, might I not—*what* might I not summon?

As I hesitated, with an intense throbbing pain over my eyes, my foot moved something on the ground—a piece of rope, evidently; and, vaguely glad of any thing that should delay for a moment the call I wished to give, I stooped and took it in my hand. It resisted me, and I drew my hand along it to feel to what it might be attached. As I did so, my hand came in contact with another hand. For one moment I reeled and tottered; in the next, with one mad effort, I seized the bell-rope, raised my feet from the ground, and hung my weight upon my hands; and, as the one solemn note boomed out, my head swam round, my fingers slid down the rope, and I fell backward senseless on the ground.

Neither a shock nor a friendly voice called me back to consciousness; I awoke in a cold shiver, to the horror and the darkness of which I had been for a time unconscious. I sat up, opening my eyes wearily, for the intense darkness literally seemed to weigh down my eyelids, and it all came slowly back upon me almost with a twofold horror.

What time would it be now? How long had I been in this double darkness? Ah! listen; the great clock bell shook and trembled through the tower. One, two. Only two! If the night were to be spent here, and each hour were to be like this, my hair would be gray before daylight. Two o'clock! how snugly every one was sleeping now, and how unthinking of the one miserable man in the tower! How little I should be thinking of any thing so ghostly if I were comfortably between my own sheets now! Those things do not trouble one much until they visit one with a terrible personality like this. Even this raving, maddening wind would hardly keep me awake on ordinary nights, yet how impossible here to fancy sleeping through it! There! was not that like a dozen demons shrieking for entrance at those little shivering casements?

I shall be more grateful always for quiet, undisturbed nights after this. The length of that hour made unbearable the thought of the hours to come; I rose painfully to a sitting posture, held my head in my hands, and tried to pray. Now that the signal which all these efforts had cost me had failed, I had not strength for more than to wait. I was not much accustomed either to wait or to pray. Perhaps if I *had* been, this dreary time would not have seemed so interminable; perhaps, even, I might not have felt so helpless in the unknown horror that was about me. I thought I would repeat one of the canticles, for I knew them better than any thing else; but somehow they died away in wandering, wondering thoughts, more accordant with the fierce gusts that dashed against the tower than with the simple, musical words I tried to say. Ah! what was that distant sound? The turning of a heavy grating lock far away. It was quite a faint sound against it reached me, yet I could distinguish it so readily, so eagerly, with quickening pulses, and with a strange hot flame rushing to my cheeks in the darkness.

Steps along the church floor below. So intensely I was listening—with such painful, strained attention—that I believe I could have counted them; though now from the same spot I feel sure I could hardly hear steps, however heavy. Yes, up the belfry stairs they came, and now a streak of yellow light crossed the belfry from wall to wall. My eyes—wide open and almost burning with eagerness—strained into the dark corners, waiting and ready for what the light should reveal there. I never looked who was coming through the door; all thought of my release now seemed swallowed up in the hungry desire to see what had been with me in the darkness. The fitful light from two lanterns danced up and down the gloomy place, but I had seen nothing. Voices began talking in low tones; then, though my aching eyes never turned from their search, I listened. "I guess we'll find him just as we left him, eh?" I heard, in a man's amused whisper; "I expect no other, the drunken rascal; and yet I could almost have sworn I heard the bell." With a sudden flash of the lanterns on the wall close to where I sat came a little laugh. In all my life no laugh ever sounded like that to me. Was it a relief, or was it the last touch of the unnaturalness that surrounded me? I shivered as if it ran through me with the wild answering laugh of the wind outside. With a sickening fear that consciousness was leaving me once more, and that if it did they might not find me, I pulled myself up by the bell; and as it rang its weird note the light of a lantern was thrown upon me standing there—a strange figure to meet any human gaze, with the fixed stare in my eyes. I heard a queer kind of cry from some one; one lantern fell and was smashed to atoms; I heard feet running to the door; but I felt too a strong arm round me; I heard a man's rough voice—than which no other voice, though, ever sounded sweeter in my ears—telling me it was "all right." Then once more all around me was lost in mental darkness.

I awoke on the settle in a small firelit kitchen where two or three men sat round the fire silently. When they saw that I was watching them, one said—and I recognized the kindly voice—"Are you feeling all right again, Sir? the cold gave you a shock up there." I rose and sat among them, half bewildered still, and tried to warm my hands, which were of a pale green color.

"Did you hear me toll the bell?" I asked.

"Yes, Sir, surely; and these burly comrades of mine thought you was a sperit, and took to their heels; as if sperits was any more likely to be up there than in this very kitchen—less likely, I should think, considering all things."

What should I do? Should I tell them what I knew, or must the horrible secret live and die with me?

"You didn't happen to see no sperits yerself now, Sir, I s'pose?" he said; and I actually think I saw the fellow wink.

"I saw—at least I felt—something," I faltered, trying to look at them all as if it was just what I had expected to do.

"Did ye, now? Would ye mind, Sir, just giving us yer experience? a ghost-story is just the thing for this time of the morning, with that pleasant little breeze a-blowing outside and shivering all the winders in its frolic."

But I could not tell them; not that it seemed unnatural and dream-like in the warm glow and companionship, but because it was such a certainty that I dreaded to bring the ghastly reality among them.

"Did you see any thing?" I asked, simply to gain a little time.

The laugh was general.

"In course we did, Sir, we saw what we went for to see, and that was Topin' Jerry."

"What on earth is Toping Jerry?"

"You may well say 'what,' Sir, for at this blessed minit he don't look 'uman enough for to speak of as a 'who.' Topin' Jerry, Sir, is the topingest rascal in all the parish, and moreover, besides, he's one of St. Mark's ringers, he drunk-

est and disorderlyest fellow as ever pulled a rope."

"Yes, yes, I see; and he was in the belfry last night?"

"Well, I'll tell you how it was, Sir, and how he did come to be there a-letting in the new year in a new way. He's been so often a few over the score lately that, though we wouldn't any of us peach on him, we can't 'elp jest wishing the parson would ketch him at it. He came to ring in the Christmas last week in sech a state as we were all ashamed on, and, to cap it up, he brought a bottle with him to renoo his failing strength. In course he couldn't ring, he could only set himself into a corner agin the wall and sleep. So we told him if he did it agin we would hang him then and there. He was fuddling away yesterday evenin', forgettin' the late service—it surely was rather late, ye see, Sir, for a man as is fond of a few cups social in the evenin'—so we knew what was comin', and another fellow (him by you, Sir) came to ring instead, and we took a rope. Sure enough, in comes Topin' Jerry with his chin down in his shirt collar, and his legs looking like somebody else's; out come the bottle, and we let him have his swing at it; then, when we was comin' down, we tied him to two staples in the wall, straight up on his feet agin it, with the intention of showin' him, when he waked soberer, that there he was, hanged by the neck till he was dead. While I brought you here, Sir, these here comrades of mine witnessed the jolliest sight. Topin' Jerry woke hisself gradwelly, and twisted and groaned hisself into blue convulsions, while they was hid, with the lantern dark. And he shrieked out that he wouldn't never do it agin, if he could be forgiven this wunst, all to nobody, Sir, but the sperits, as he thought was there. They'll tell ye all that joke, Sir."

So they did, jovial, hearty fellows as they were, and every ringer in the parish drank my health that night in hot and strong. Every ringer, at least, except Toping Jerry, whom I have never seen since—I mean whom I have never seen at all, only felt.

TRAVELS IN THE AIR.

WHEN Mr. Glaisher, in company with MM. Flammarion, De Fonvielle, and Tissandier, projected the history of his aerial voyages, he and his *collaborateurs* little dreamed that before the work could be printed and published the time long hoped for and almost despaired of by aeronauts should at last have come. Mr. Glaisher writes on the opening page: "In its present form the balloon is useless for commercial enterprise, and so little adapts itself to our necessities that it might drop into oblivion to-morrow, and we should miss nothing from the conveniences of life."

This could not be said now. The balloon has become something more than a philosopher's toy or a raree-show; the nation which invented it has found it an indispensable resource in a desperate emergency, and the political, commercial, and private ends it has served could have been gained in no other way. Only *par ballon monté* could Gambetta have escaped to the provinces, where his sanguine and energetic spirit has for so long organized not, indeed, victory, but a sanguine and energetic resistance; only *par ballon monté* can thousands of Frenchmen hope to hear of all that is nearest and dearest to them; and if the war and balloons ended together to-morrow, the latter have deserved so well of their country that the city of Paris, under the new republic, or whatever it is to be, ought to charge its shield of arms with, "on a field azure, a balloon rising."

The accounts we possess at present of the wonderful journeys made every day over the heads of the German soldiers are very imperfect. When the war ends, its permanent literature will begin, and we shall, doubtless, have full histories of these aerial voyages, in which we hope will be written the names of those poor fellows whose letter-bags, picked up off the Scilly Isles, are supposed to have been blown out into the Channel, as an east wind carried their balloon toward the Atlantic.

For a long time the most famous ascent in aerostatic annals was that of Gay Lussac, who, in September, 1804, started from Paris, and reached the height of 23,000 feet. To lighten the balloon he threw overboard every article he could possibly dispense with; a common deal chair went with the rest, and fell into a hedge close to a girl who was tending some sheep. As the sky at the time was clear, and the balloon invisible, some of the country folk held that it must have come straight from paradise, and cried, "A miracle!" others refused to think that "the workmen up above there could be such muffs," for the chair was roughly made; but the miracle-mongers would, no doubt, have carried the question had not a timely account of Lussac's voyage appeared in the papers. Several years later Andreoli and Brioschi ascended, it is said—but it has never been fully believed—to an elevation of 30,000 feet, when the balloon burst with a loud report, and came to the ground with great speed, but safety, near Petrarch's tomb. The torn balloon must have acted as a parachute. Mr. Glaisher has himself fallen, in his balloon, two miles in four minutes, and has landed without being greatly hurt. He and Mr. Coxwell became the champion aeronauts after their memorable ascent from Wolverhampton on the 5th of September, 1862. They rose to the enormous height of 37,000 feet—a mile higher than the highest peak of the Himalayas; at 29,000 feet Mr. Glaisher became insensible; the valve-line was entangled, and Mr. Coxwell had to climb from the car into the ring to readjust it; the cold was so intense that he lost the use of his hands, and had to pull it with his teeth.

We will endeavor to give our readers some idea of the difficulties, pleasures, and dangers of aerial navigation by following an imaginary aeronaut from the earth to the clouds, and back to the earth again. Let us suppose that he has resolved to make a prodigious ascent for strictly scientific purposes. He has succeeded in borrowing (for there seems to be a great deal of borrowing among aeronauts) a balloon, and has had it conveyed overnight to the gas-works, where it is to be filled. He has secured the services of an experienced balloon captain to take the exclusive management of the balloon, and has borrowed from various societies a number of beautiful and delicate instruments with which to make his observations. At daybreak the two aeronauts—or, as we will call them for the sake of distinction, the philosopher and the aeronaut—and their friends start for the gas-works, and with the help of a number of workmen commence filling the balloon. Ballast and some victuals are stowed away in the car, the instruments are fixed on a board lashed across its gunwale, and the direction of the wind is anxiously noted. The balloon—we will suppose it to be a large one—gradually inflates, the wind rises, and what between the wind and the gas it is all that fifty men can do to keep the monster from breaking clean away. At last there is a cry that the balloon is full, and that the men can hold it no longer. The two adventurers jump in, their ropes and other chattels are bundled in after them, and away they go with a side sweep which very nearly wrecks them against some contiguous chimneys. Perhaps it does, and the balloon in a few minutes comes down in a field a couple of miles off, having never got a thousand feet above the ground, with a great tear in its side, the loss of two or three hundred pounds' worth of gas, and the breakage of the instruments and the aeronauts. Other very frequent stumbles at the threshold may show that the balloon is rotten; that it is "full of minute holes;" that it will not carry ballast enough for safety, etc. But let us suppose it fairly gas-tight, and that the aeronaut, by a liberal discharge of ballast, clears trees and chimneys, and shoots up into the clouds, a great deal faster than he intended, to a height of some 5000 or 6000 feet. More ballast is discharged, and up and up they go till the philosopher's face becomes of a "glowing purple" and his heart palpitates audibly. He does not mind this, but watches the falling mercury, and busily records the readings of the instruments, until the aeronaut announces that the balloon is stationary, and that he can spare no more ballast, what remains being kept in hand to throw out, if necessary, on nearing the earth, so that they may fall soft. Perhaps some *contretemps* has happened; the balloon has been gyrating and the valve-line become twisted, as with Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell; or it may have passed through a snow-cloud and thence into the rays of the sun, which have melted the snow from the covering and expanded the gas, giving our travelers a most dangerous impetus upward—an impetus which may be brought to a stop in half a minute by the bursting of the balloon "with a loud report." The aeronaut and the philosopher hang on to the valve-line, gas rushes out in volumes, and the balloon falls. Presently the snow-cloud is entered again, the ropes and car covering are clogged with snow, the fall is terribly accelerated, the snow-cloud is passed through, and the earth is seen approaching "with frightful rapidity." The remaining ballast is thrown out; nevertheless the balloon takes the ground with a bump that breaks all the instruments, and after rolling and dragging and bounding along "at the speed of an express train, playing leap-frog over oaks twenty yards high," tearing itself to pieces, the grapnel hooks, and it is brought up, perhaps, in the middle of a marsh. Cut and bruised and half stunned, the aeronauts scramble out, inquire where they are, and find that they are forty or fifty miles from their starting-point, although they have not been an hour in the air. Fonvielle and Tissandier started from Paris, ascended several thousand feet, and came to the earth with terrific force forty-eight miles away—all in the space of thirty-five minutes. Theirs was the fastest journey yet made by a balloon.

A balloon is poised in the air with exquisite delicacy. Tissandier relates that throwing out a chicken bone caused the Neptune to rise suddenly from twenty to thirty yards, and Lunardi's barometer fell three degrees on his casting away his hat. On sand being thrown out from a balloon rapidly descending, it (apparently) rises into the air, and, as the balloon slackens speed, falls again in a fine shower. The sea is the great bugbear of the aeronaut; to save the land he will almost drop upon it like a stone. Mr. Glaisher, who chose Wolverhampton for his favorite place of ascent, tells us that an aeronaut can not get far enough from the sea in England, and requires all the land-room of a continent to make his voyages with freedom and comfort. Balloons have a great reputation for danger, but the 3500 ascents which have been made have only caused fifteen deaths. The most critical moment of an air voyage is its last; to be able to take the ground well and skillfully requires the greatest presence of mind, as well as thorough experience, and even then there is generally more or less of a crash. No one is very sanguine of the speedy invention of a method by which balloons may be directly propelled or guided. At present their vertical motion only can be controlled, and that only so long as there is gas or ballast to spare. By rising or falling into opposite currents of air a certain amount of steering can be done, but this requires a happy conjunction of the most skillful management with the greatest good luck. Even in their present imperfect state balloons have done most valuable service to science, and there seems no reason to doubt that they have it in their power to render much more. Now that it is also proved that aeronauts can be of service to statesmen and generals, they will receive that attention and patronage which has long been their sorest need. Generally speaking, want of funds has compelled them to put up with many make-shifts and inconveniences which will now be remedied. A good gas-tight ballast-carrying balloon has been the rarest thing in the world; when it becomes more common, safe and easy ascents, fulfilling all that is expected of them, will become the order of the day instead of the exception of a year.

CAVALRY IN MODERN WAR.

AN idea became prevalent among French officers, especially after the Italian campaign of 1859, that modern fire-arms had rendered cavalry useless. In a book called "L'Avenir de la Cavalerie," Baron D'Azemar, with true prophetic instinct, wrote to warn his countrymen against this error. Bonaparte said at St. Helena, where he reviewed his own life, "In 1813, if I had had cavalry, I could have reconquered Europe." The baron says: "People propose to reduce the cavalry. They think that cavalry are 'played out,' and will in future play a minor part in war. Woe to the nation that follows such conceits! Woe to the sovereigns who adopt such maxims! *To-day, as of old, I say the future of empires is in the future of their cavalry.*" The recent war has vividly shown the truth of this prophecy. The Uhlans have been the eyes and hands of the invading Prussian army—as the prisoner of Wilhelmshohe himself confessed. The Uhlans hung like a veil before the whole Prussian army; masking its operations, and confusing and anticipating the enemy in all directions. Trochu was of the same opinion as M'Mahon and D'Azemar. He said: "The difficulties the cavalry had, to take their proper part in the Italian campaign of 1857, gave rise to an opinion that before modern rifles cavalry had become powerless. This is an error which it is important should not gain acceptance. Cavalry is, *par excellence* in war, the insurer of speed, the producer of those great moral effects which paralyze and disorganize; and the results of which are incalculable. And is then the arm which most tends to produce rapidity of execution useless? It is impossible. *On the contrary, the formation of cavalry* will increase; but it must be on condition that it at once abandons old beliefs and traditions." Trochu's proposed reform was to lighten the cavalry horse's load by putting light men on strong and resisting horses. He insisted on at once throwing away all cavalry helmets and cuirasses. According to French writers on cavalry, one of the great defects of the French cavalry is the saddle. Under the Republic and the Empire the Hungarian saddle was used, which was very simple, by no means clumsy, and easy to repair. The modern saddle is more elegant than the Hungarian, but it hurts the horses and the men. In the Italian campaign of 1859 two thousand of the horses were injured by the saddles, and many of the non-commissioned officers had sores on the knees. The French cavalry carbine is also too heavy, and the trooper is allowed to carry too many small articles of use.

It was generally thought, before the advent of the Uhlans, that the lance, which Montecuculi called "the queen of weapons," had become obsolete. In spite of Marshal Saxe having given his own regiment of hussars lances, and the Marshal of Ragusa wishing to arm his second rank of cuirassiers with the lance, Trochu and others condemned its use. No, said these reformers; take away the lances and pull off the cuirasses, put light men on strong horses, and they will crush squares just as well, and with less pain and fatigue to the animals. One of the recent battles between France and Prussia proves how powerless the heaviest cuirassiers are against infantry when the men on foot stand firm and shoot calmly and carefully. In the future, if French reformers have their way, hussars and chasseurs will not wear the sabretache, which is a mere vanity and impediment. Chasseurs and hussars will have the same uniform, and with the éclaireurs of each infantry regiment there will be a company of light horsemen, mounted on small horses, and carrying the lightest form of carbine.

THE ART OF FORTIFICATION.

THE science of war—whether in its application to the branches termed *Strategy* or *Tactics*, which are simply different names of the same art when applied to scales of different magnitude—may be defined as the art of bringing superior numbers against an enemy. In other words, success in war depends on *superiority of concentration*. The same idea was expressed forcibly, if rather irreverently, by the first Napoleon, when he said, "God always fought on the side of the *gros bataillons*."

The different rules and maxims which have been framed by military writers are all deduced from this one leading principle, by which, indeed, all military operations, whether great or small, must alike be regulated; whether these relate to the general strategy of a campaign, to the marshaling of an army on a field of battle, or even to the manœuvring of a battalion on the parade-ground. And the object of all military rules, of all drill, discipline, and military training, and of all the labors of the different military departments, is to enable the general in command of an army to apply that principle successfully.

The art of fortification is simply an application of the same principle, by means of which a small force may be enabled successfully to resist a large one, and the real superiority may be converted practically to the side of the weaker numbers. Its origin dates as far back as, and was a consequence of, the use of missiles. And the primary idea was to neutralize superior numbers by creating a shelter, from behind which the weaker party, in comparative safety, might discharge their missiles at an enemy advancing to attack them. It is clear that if a man sheltered by a parapet could discharge three darts or arrows at an attacking body between the moment of the latter coming within range and that of closing with the defenders, the interposition of the parapet would, speaking theoretically, place one of the latter on an equality with three assailants. Every improvement in the science of projectiles has been in favor of the lamb against the wolf; and it is evident that the advantages to the defenders must increase in the triple proportion of the range, accuracy, and rapidity of fire. Thus, the same man behind a parapet, who, when armed with stones or darts, might be equal to three assailants, would, when furnished with a weapon firing ten shots in a minute, at an effective range of six hundred yards, be equal in theory to fifty assailants, or, if we suppose only every fifth shot to tell, to ten assailants, advancing to the attack over open ground.

As the art of fortification advanced, towns were completely surrounded by parapet walls, and various devices were adopted in their construction, with the purpose of increasing the superiority of defensive fire, of which the most important was the provision of flanking defense.

The reduction of an ancient fortress, too strong to be carried by sudden assault, was undertaken, as in modern times, in a methodical and scientific manner, the system of attack being regulated according to the nature of the defenses. In the absence of any sufficient means of forcing a passage through a solid rampart too lofty for escalade, the assailants resorted to the erection of a huge mound of earth, pushing forward the mass gradually until it touched the walls, and raising it to the level of the summit, from whence the besiegers might pour their stormers *over* the defenses. Many passages in the Old Testament refer to this method of capturing besieged cities, as (Deuteronomy, xx. 20) where the Israelites are commanded to "build bulwarks against the city" until it should be subdued; and yet more expressly in the denunciation against Sennacherib (2 Kings, xix. 32), proclaiming that he "should not shoot an arrow into Jerusalem, nor come before it with a shield, nor *cast a bank against it.*"

This, the most ancient mode of attack, was superseded by the method of effecting an entrance into a besieged place by breaching the wall with battering-rams, and engines hurling masses of rock and other missiles with great force. To effect this, however, these engines had to be brought close up to the wall; and the necessity of protecting the soldiers employed in running up these engines or rams, and in working them when in position, gave rise to the system of *approaches*, the rudest idea of which is expressed in the movable towers or sheds on wheels, which were pushed up to the walls. This system has, in modern days, only been elaborated to suit the altered conditions introduced by science in military operations.

As the power of artillery increased it became necessary to substitute for the parapet wall a rampart built of a thick mound of earth, the excavation of which formed the ditch. This mound was faced or scarped with brick or masonry to such a height as to render access to the interior impossible, except by scaling-ladders; and to prevent this scarped wall, forming the inner side of the ditch, from being brought down in ruins by a distant fire, it was protected by raising on the outer edge of the ditch an earthen mound or parapet higher than, and sloping gradually toward, the surrounding country.

The increased range and accuracy of hollow projectiles have rendered the old system of closely surrounding a town with a continuous rampart or *enceinte* both useless and dangerous, unless supplemented by a system of detached forts sufficiently in advance to keep an enemy's artillery beyond that distance from which he might destroy the place by his shells. It was the absence of such advanced works at Sedan that enabled the Germans to place their artillery on the heights surrounding the fortress, and compel that surrender of the French army inclosed within its walls.

A series of such forts, disposed on a large circumference, constitutes a vast intrenched camp, the forts themselves armed with the heaviest known ordnance, and requiring comparatively small garrisons, yet affording the most favorable battle positions for a large army, whose flanks would rest on two of the forts, and whose front would be effectually protected by their fire.

In general terms, the advantages of such a system are: 1. They oblige an enemy to commence his approaches at a great distance from the place they are designed to protect, thereby preventing its being destroyed by distant bombardment, and rendering it necessary, before such a result can be achieved, that the besiegers should reduce two or more of the adjacent forts by regular approaches and assault. 2. The circumference marked by the forts is so extensive, that, in order to invest them completely, the besiegers must desseminate or spread out their force in such a manner as to be dangerously weak at any one point. 3. The forts composing the system being capable of defense by small garrisons, the bulk of the defensive force is available for offensive action, by sorties on a large scale, against any point in the besiegers' weak line; and these sorties could be repeated daily, the time and point of attack being varied, so that the besiegers could never know when or where they might be attacked. Under these conditions, and supposing the garrison effective, the reduction of such a fortress as we have described should be extremely difficult. By means of sorties, not only would information be obtained as to the intended direction of attack, but the siege-works would suffer constant interruption. The troops engaged in these sorties would never be required to advance far from their own secure base; and both in advancing and retreating they would be supported and protected by the preponderating fire of the forts.

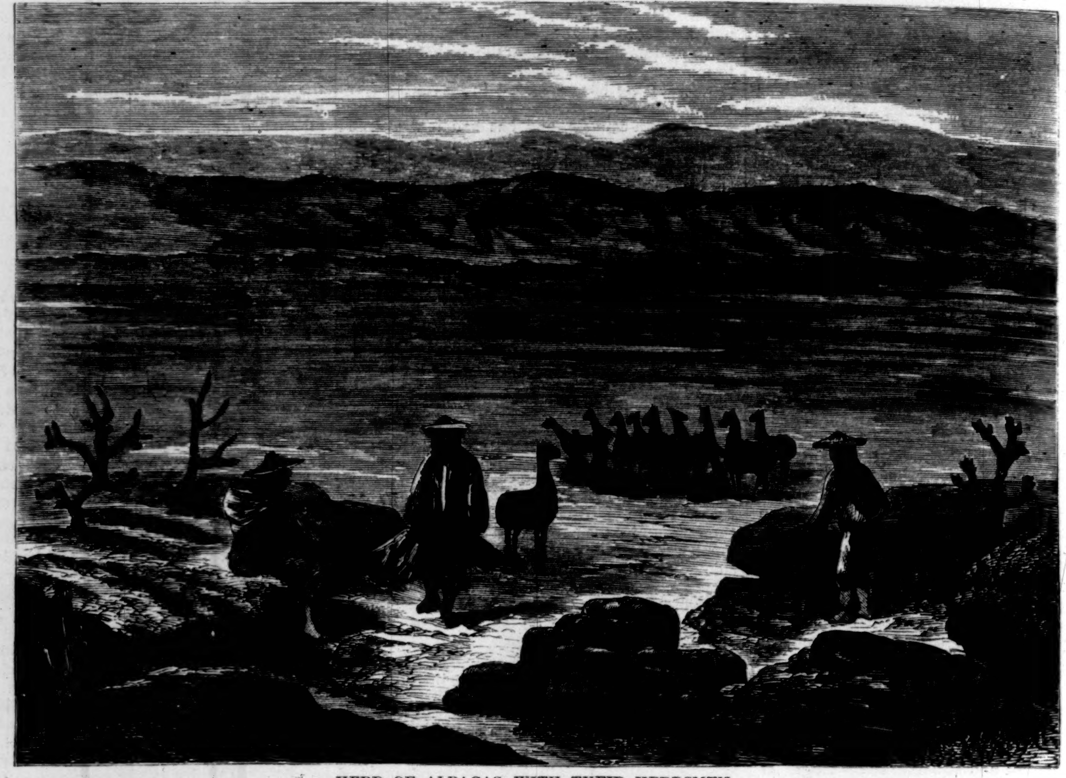
Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

AN ALPACA STORY.

By JACOB ABBOTT.

The Alpaca.—A Visit to the wild Region where it is found.—A deserted Village in the Andes.—Curious Custom of the Inhabitants.—Story of the old Curate and his Sisters.—Life and Labor in the Andes.



HERD OF ALPACAS, WITH THEIR HERDSMEN.

THE French naturalist, M. Marcoy, whose journal of a tour across the continent of South America has been referred to in a previous Number, gives an account, in the course of his narrative, of a visit which he paid to an aged and infirm Catholic priest, whose name was associated with some improvement in the breed of the alpaca, the animal of Peru which furnishes the wool from which the stuffs manufactured in France and England, so much valued by the ladies for certain purposes as materials for dress, are made. The alpaca is an animal of the camel kind, belonging as it does to the natural order *Camelidæ*. Its native country is Peru. There are many species of the animal, more or less allied to each other, and varying in the qualities of the wool which they yield—such as in the length, and in the fineness and softness of the fibre. The natural home of these peaceful ruminants is among the elevated plains and steep declivities of the Andes, where they find a scant vegetation of coarse herbs, to which their digestive organs are well adapted, and on which they thrive.

Among all the different species and varieties of the camelidæ there is a general resemblance, in whatever part of the world they are found. According to the views of the great naturalist Darwin these have all descended from one common stock, the different branches from this stock having become modified, in the course of ages, in accommodating themselves to the different regions and localities into which they have roamed. The other view is that each separate species has been produced by a separate and independent act of creation, the resemblance between them being due to their having been fashioned after a certain common type in the Divine mind.

However this may be, the camelidæ are all of a kind and gentle disposition, and are easily made to assume friendly and familiar relations with man. Their power of living upon coarse and scanty herbage makes them invaluable, and renders many regions inhabitable by him which would be otherwise wholly abandoned to barrenness and desolation.

The existence of the alpaca, combined with that of the various mineral deposits, especially those of silver and gold, has drawn the Spanish and Indian peasants far up among the valleys and gorges of the Andes, into regions most inhospitable and wild. Among these mountains the alpaca is domesticated. Sometimes a poor family own only one, and they make a pet of him. Others have flocks, larger or smaller, which they fold in a little yard inclosed by a rude stone wall, and closely adjoining their hut, which is scarcely less rude in its construction. Now and then one of these dwellings, somewhat larger and more imposing than the rest, serves as a post station for the entertainment and repose of the traveler who has occasion to traverse these dismal wilds.

POST STATION IN THE ANDES.

The French adventurer to whose narrative we are indebted for the facts about to be related had seen in a museum at Lima, several years before, a somewhat rudely painted portrait of a parish priest, with an inscription upon the corner of it giving the name of the priest and that of his residence, which was at a rude hamlet among the mountains; and also speaking of him as distinguished for having originated an improved breed of the alpaca, by which the whole region in which he lived had been greatly benefited. M. Marcoy had not forgotten this circumstance; and now, although several years had elapsed since he saw the painting, it occurred to him that as he was about traversing the mountain region in which this curate lived, he would so far deviate from his most direct course as to call and see him. It was not that he was peculiarly interested in improvements in the breed of the alpaca, but he thought that the visit would afford him a view of human life in these remote regions in a somewhat new aspect. To see the curate, whom he knew from the dates must now be a very old man; to observe how he lived; to converse with him, and learn something about the ideas and aspirations, the hopes and fears, the trials, the enjoyments, and the sufferings attendant upon life in these frightful solitudes—was the great motive of his visit; the alpaca question being incidental and subordinate.

The muleteer who accompanied him, and who was his sole attendant, was much surprised to find that his master was willing to deviate so much from his direct road on such an errand. As they went on from day to day they met with various adventures, and encountered some very serious hardships. When they began to reach the higher regions, where the peaks around them were covered with snow, they found that although below, along the coast, the wild flowers were colored, many of them being of a yellow hue, as they reached the higher elevations they almost all became white—a characteristic of the flora of the two regions which is expressed by a saying of the natives: "Silver among the mountains, and gold along the shore."

Our travelers were sometimes overtaken by snow-storms, or, rather, snow-squalls, attended with terrific thunder and hail. In one of these they were so blinded and pelted by the snow and hail that they could not pursue their journey, and would have suffered very severely if they had not chanced to come upon a rude structure which, the muleteer said, was built by the Indians in ancient times for a tomb, or sepulchre, but which was now empty and abandoned. There was a low opening in guise of door, through which M. Marcoy crawled to seek refuge from the storm, and into which the muleteer followed him, after having taken care of the mules. They were imprisoned here for some time, until at length the thunder-cloud passed over, and the sky became again serene.

The travelers went on in this way, meeting with various adventures, until at length they came in sight, toward evening, of the village where the curate resided. The village was separated into two hamlets by a rapid stream, which was crossed by a rude stone bridge of three arches.

The village in both parts consisted of huts covered with a coarse thatch, but it appeared utterly abandoned and desolate. Not a person was to be seen. The muleteer accounted for this state of things by saying that he supposed the whole population had gone into the mountains on an expedition after gold and silver ore. "But the women and the children?" said M. Marcoy. "They have gone too," replied the muleteer. He then went on to say that the men of the villages in these regions were accustomed to go off on

THE REFUGE.

excursions among the mountains around them to gather gold and silver, and would like very much to go by themselves, but their wives would insist upon accompanying them, under pretext of cooking their food and mending their moccasins, but really to be a plague and torment to them! Then, if the women were to go, it was plain, he added, that the children could not be left to take care of themselves at home, and accordingly they must go too; and as the dogs would be very lonesome without the children, *they* could not be left behind. Thus it happened that the whole population of the village—men, women, children, and dogs—went off together, and the huts were left in utter solitude!

VILLAGE IN THE ANDES.

They heard at length the hoarse barking of one dog, which the muleteer said belonged to the curate; and, turning a corner, they came to the curate's house, which stood close against the church. There was one door and one window. Upon the sill of the window was a flower-pot, of earthen material, but of quite an artistic form, and in it was growing a beautiful flower. M. Marcoy recognized the flower at once as a native of that region, though, as he says, it is known and cultivated in Europe as the Peruvian lily. Its color as well as its form was beautiful, and M. Marcoy was pleased to see it, thinking that its presence there denoted some degree of refinement and taste in the family that he had come to visit.

THE FLOWER IN THE WINDOW.

The dog redoubled his barking as the two strangers approached the door, and a moment afterward an aged woman appeared. The muleteer addressed her with the customary salutation in Spanish,

"God bless you, my good mother!"

She returned the salutation in the native dialect of the region; and being told that the traveler had come to see the curate Cabrera, she invited him in. She proved to be the curate's sister—her name Veronique, or, in the English form of the word, Veronica—she herself and another sister constituting the whole of the aged priest's family.

Sister Veronique conducted M. Marcoy into the house, while the muleteer remained without to unsaddle the mules. She stopped with him in the first room into which they entered; and then, apparently with some hesitation, asked him whether his wish to see her brother was urgent, so as to make it necessary for her to wake him, as he was then asleep. M. Marcoy said by no means, and while they were talking together in a suppressed tone they heard the voice of the curate himself through the partition, asking Veronique who she was talking to.

THE OLD CURATE AND HIS VISITOR.

"A white man," replied Veronique, "who wishes to see you; and, in the mean time, wants me to give him something to eat."

"Because," added the traveler, speaking still through the partition, "he is ready to faint with hunger and fatigue."

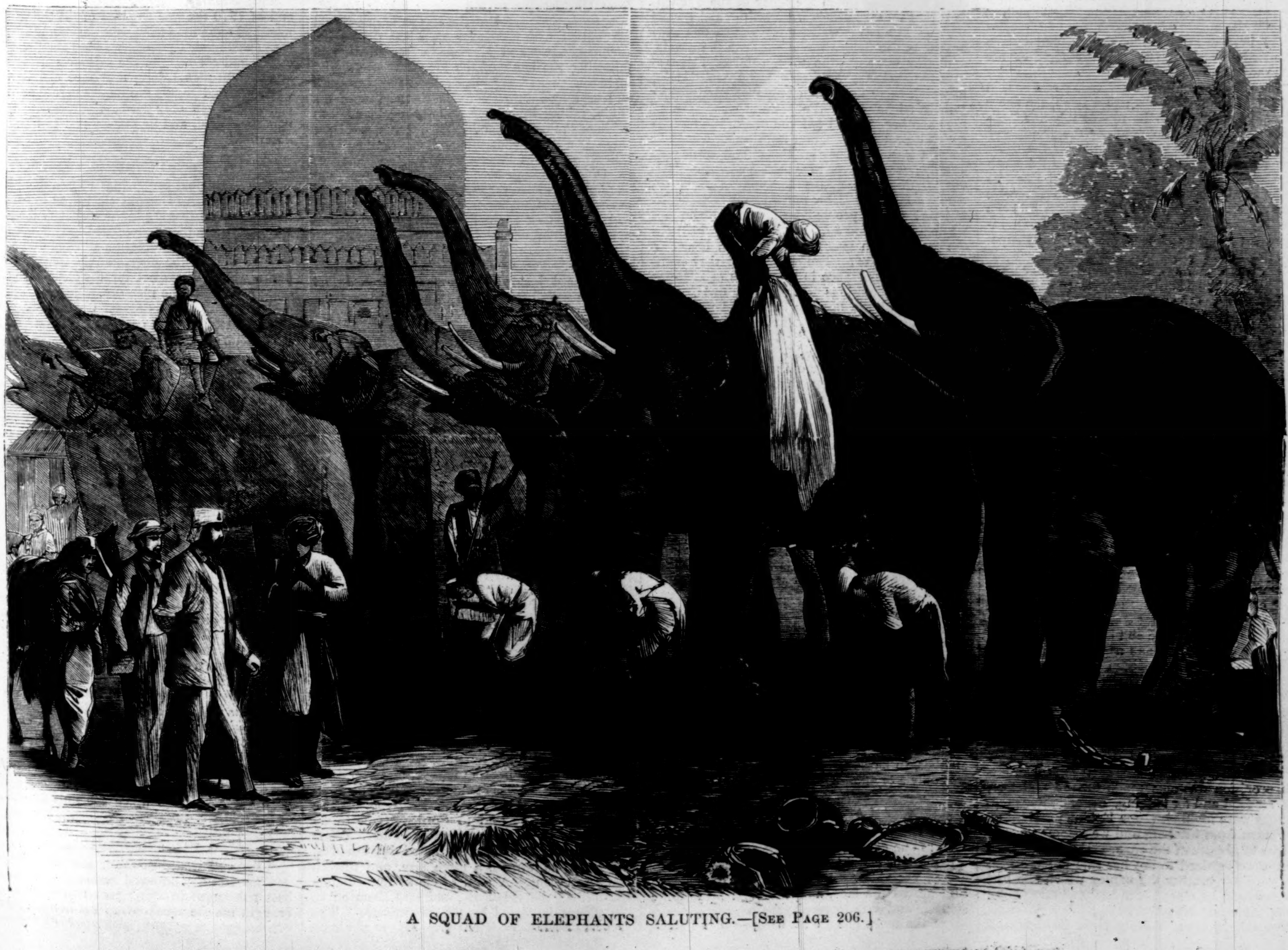
The old man immediately gave directions through the partition to prepare a good supper for the stranger, and asked the latter if, in the mean time, he would have the goodness to pass through into the inner room, where they could talk together more at their ease.

Accepting this invitation, M. Marcoy opened the door and passed into the other apartment. The apartment was of good size, but very low, and it was lighted by what he calls a Venezuela stone—which must have been mica, or something of the kind—that was set in a frame let into the roof, in the form of a sky-light. Against the middle of one of the sides of the room was built up a square block of masonry, after the custom of the country, to answer all the purposes of furniture, being made to serve for a bed by night, and for chairs, sofa, and table by day. Some fleeces were spread upon the upper surface of this hard couch, and they were covered with woolen cloaks and old rugs to represent quilts and coverlets.

The old curate was standing in the middle of the room when M. Marcoy entered. He held a rosary in his hand, with the aid of which he had been saying his prayers, according to his custom when awaking from sleep. He reached out his hand gropingly, saying, "Help me a little to find you, Sir; I am blind. For four years I have not been able to see at all."

M. Marcoy advanced, and,

SISTER VERONICA.



A SQUAD OF ELEPHANTS SALUTING.—[SEE PAGE 206.]

taking his hand, was received by the blind man with great cordiality, and led toward the bed, or sofa, whichever name it is most proper to give in the daytime to such a wool-covered mass of rock. The curate clambered to his place against the wall, while the traveler seated himself near. He explained to the old man the object of his visit. He had seen his name, he said, and his portrait in the museum at Lima, and had learned in that way of the great service he had rendered to the people by the improvement which he had effected in the alpaca wool; and as he had occasion to pass through that part of the country, he had taken the liberty, he added, to come and pay him a visit.

The curate seemed much pleased with this act of attention, and fell into a friendly and confidential conversation with his visitor in the half-Indian dialect of the country. When the supper was ready, which consisted chiefly of a broiled guinea-pig and a kind of omelet called a tortilla, they both went out into the other room, and sat down together to eat it. Sister Veronica remained standing, to serve as waitress during the repast.

The curate had another sister, whose name was Epifania, in his family, but she was absent at this time, having gone to the nearest town to sell the yarn which the two sisters had spun from their alpaca wool during the preceding week.

After supper M. Marcoy and the curate returned to the other room, and resumed their places upon the stone bed. Sister Veronica, after she had "put away the things," came in to join them, and taking her seat upon a little bench near the door, went to work with her distaff and spindle, and listened to the conversation.

The old man gave his visitor a long and full account of his life, and of the course of his ministry; of the different places among the mountains where he had resided; of the trials and difficulties which he had had to encounter in his endeavors to bring the influence of the Gospel to bear upon the character and lives of the ignorant and half-savage people that had been committed to his charge; and of the economical contrivances and modest industries by which he and his sisters had endeavored to eke out their scanty means.

In the course of this conversation M. Marcoy alluded to the circumstance of the picture which had attracted his attention in the museum at Lima, and of the improvement which the curate had made in the breed of the alpaca, which was referred to in connection with it. The curate said he would relate the facts as they actually occurred.

He said that one day when he was making an excursion among the mountains he came upon a young alpaca, lying in a recess among the rocks, which, as he thought, had just been born. The mother was browsing the herbs near by, but ran off, affrighted, at the sight of a man. The curate took up the lamb into his frock, and carried him home, and gave him to his sisters, who at once adopted him, bringing him up by hand, and making him the companion of another alpaca-like animal which they had previously domesticated. This predecessor of the little foundling lamb in the curate's household was of a species called by the French the *vigogne*, and by the Spaniards *vicuña*. The English form of the name would be *vigonia*.

The young vigonia was a female; and she, in process of time, gave birth to a lamb, the fleece of which promised to be remarkably fine. As this lamb advanced to maturity the promise of its youth in respect to the qualities of the fleece was fully confirmed. The family sent a specimen of the wool to some dealers in the nearest large town, and their report was so favorable that the sisters concluded that a cross between the two species would probably result in an intermediate breed which might be greatly superior to either.

So they went to work at once to procure a number of animals of both species, so as to form a flock. It was the project of the sisters, rather than of the curate himself; but he aided them in procuring the animals. The task of obtaining a sufficient number cost them many journeys among the mountains, and much expense; and was attended, as all such undertakings are, with many disappointments and trials. They, however, succeeded in the end; so that after about seven years they had a flock of sixty animals of the improved breed, and from this beginning the improvement spread through all the region.

The curate and his family derived very small profit themselves from the improvement that they made—or, rather, which they found the means of making; for, of course, there could be no way of confining to themselves the benefit of it. It was of great advantage to the country, and some efforts were made to reward the discoverers by some action of the government. But all the measures that were proposed for the accomplishment of this end were swallowed up and lost in the political contests and commotions then raging, and the poor curate and his family were left to grow old in poverty and neglect.

While the curate had been holding this conversation with his guest, his sister Veronica, seated on her bench, had continued industriously engaged with her spinning.

When bedtime came, at length, the good sister made up a couch in the corner of the room, by means of wool-covered skins, the saddle of his mule serving the traveler for a pillow. Suitable provision was also made for the muleteer, both for food and for lodging. While these preparations were making, sister Epifania arrived on her return from her long and wearisome journey on foot to dispose of the yarn. Her brother and sister were rejoiced to see her safe home again. She gave her brother the money which she had received, and he placed it in his customary bank of deposit under his pillow.

The sisters then, bidding their brother and their guest good-night, retired to the other room, and the traveler went to his rest. As the feeling of drowsiness gradually came over him he could hear indistinctly the voice of the old curate repeating his evening prayers—speaking in low tones of voice, with which suppressed sighs were intermingled—and soon afterward he fell into a profound sleep.

The next morning, after partaking of the simple breakfast which the sisters provided for him, the mules were saddled and brought to the door; and the traveler, receiving the most cordial expression of thanks and good-will from the sisters, and fervent benedictions from the curate, resumed his solitary journey.

We do not give this narrative to our readers on account of any interest which we suppose them to feel in the methods of perfecting the wool of the alpaca, but solely for the sake of the glimpse it affords us of one of the phases of life in the valleys of the Andes.

ELEPHANTS SALUTING.

OUR illustration on page 205 affords a striking instance of the high degree of training to which the elephant may be brought. The scene was sketched at Dinapore, India, where a large squad of elephants was picketed. On this occasion the commandant of the station was inspecting them, and as he passed down the line the word "Sulaam kurro" was loudly shouted by the mahouts, who themselves made a low salaam, as the elephants immediately poised their trunks perpendicularly in the air. Each elephant is tied by the foreleg to a picket driven into the ground, and is thereby kept in his place; the chain or rope used for this purpose seemed inadequately slight and weak, and, indeed, it would require but a small effort on the part of the animal to free himself; but his sense of duty forbids this, and so accustomed are these docile creatures to second the will of their keepers that a very small cord would, in most cases, be sufficient to keep them in their places.

WAR NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

INGENUITY OF PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

THE French hate the Germans with a terrible hatred; they are exasperated beyond measure at the manner in which the Germans have conducted the war in France; but being themselves an ingenious people, they are mightily struck with the ingenuities of the enemy. Thus there was a Prussian battery at Breteuil which for a time received the fire of Mont Valérien without any apparent effect, much to the astonishment of the gunners in the fort. They were extremely puzzled, and sought the point of attack with double care. Then they discovered the cause of their failure. It seems that the Prussians flashed powder at some distance from the embrasures of their battery, and thus contrived to misdirect for some time the heavy fire of Mont Valérien. Then there is another contrivance of the Prussians which has taken the fancy of the French. It is that their sentinels wear white cloaks when they stand against walls, green ones when they appear in the fields, brown ones for the woods, and gray ones for the mist. "Tiens, tiens!" says the Parisian, with an appearance of disdain, in which there is an under-tone of admiration; "their tricks are without number." "But," says another, "I will tell you one of their tricks which deserves praise, and from which we might learn a lesson. They go about their work very quietly; we make too much noise with our clarions and drums—we warn the enemy of our movements a mile off. How much better is their low whistle! Their people hear it well enough, and we do not hear it at all. But talking of whistles," the conversation goes on, "have you heard of that other dodge? The other night they managed a reconnoissance in the woods of Clamart by means of hootings like so many owls. Our fellows heard the hooting, and could not make out what it was at first. They have got a little instrument to hoot with." Then says another: "Quite as good as the owl is the dog trick. The outposts at Creteil have a dog who watches for them, and barks when any one approaches." Then yet another: "Oh, they are ingenious enough; and that dog reminds me that they like to take things easy. We made a reconnoissance to the Maison Blanche the other day. We found one of the houses with a large room loopholed. But if you imagine that the Prussians stand before these loopholes, you are mistaken. They sit on chairs. In another house there were no chairs—they had to sit on planks; but, to make the benches easier for the rotund sentinels, they had got the pillows from the bed in the next room, and therewithal made cushions to repose upon." There is another story of a loophole. It was a good big one—in fact, a window. The French saw a man's head there, evidently the man on guard. It was daring too much, and they peppered him with their Chassepots. But every time a shot took effect, and they began a crow for triumph, back comes another sentinel, showing himself at the window as brave as ever. They killed him off; he was replaced by a third. Him also they killed; and a fourth, and a fifth, and a sixth. They admired the pluck of these fellows coming to the window like that, one after another, to be shot. At last they found that it was only a lay-figure.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

"I WENT," says a correspondent, "to pay a visit to one of the German sufferers, who lies in a precarious condition in the hospital at the palace of Versailles. A fragment of a shell struck him across the face, and, although he is quite sensible and able to speak, the poor fellow presents the most ghastly appearance of a human wreck it is possible to imagine. A kind lady, well known here, had given a friend and myself the invitation to visit the hospital; and as our good conductress cheered that bandaged and shapeless mass of suffering humanity until she drew from it a painful smile, I mused for the fiftieth time upon the utter senselessness and brutality of this war. I spoke to the patient, and had to bend low to catch his feeble and oft-repeated attempts at articulation, which at length I understood to be an inquiry after his brother. 'I have been here some days,' he said, 'and my brother has not come to see me. Will you send him to me? I want to see him,' he continued, with great difficulty. 'He wishes to see his brother; do you know where he is to be found?' I asked; and before I could understand the meaning glances of the lady, the patient broke in rapidly, with a burst of energy: 'Fifth Jägers, Ville d'Avray!' and his glazed eyes rolled quickly and suspiciously from one to the other. 'You will see him soon; but you must be quiet now,' was the reply, as we bade him good-by, and stepped on tip-toe to another bedside. 'His brother was killed by his side by the same shell which wounded him; but he must not know it, poor fellow!' was the whispered information given, while I noticed that his looks still followed us."

HOOD-WINKING THE UHLANS.

AN amusing incident occurred in a small farm-house near Bapaume when the Uhlans made their first appearance in the neighborhood. A fine fat pig formed part of the farmer's stock, and its safety created considerable anxiety to both the farmer and his wife. On the suggestion of the latter the pig was instantly slaughtered and dressed. This operation was scarcely concluded when the Uhlans' near approach was announced. Without loss of time madame placed a table in the centre of their room, or house-place, on which she directed her husband to place the carcass of the pig, over which she immediately threw a clean sheet. Candles were instantly lighted and placed around the table, and a *chapelle ardente* was improvised. "If the Uhlans come, you will say I am dead;" and, so whispering, she withdrew. The tread of horses came up to the door; the farmer and the other members of his family immediately knelt around the dead body. The Uhlans, opening the door, entered the house. The leader halted, and exclaimed, "Morto?" "Oui, oui," said the mourning husband; "it is my wife who is dead." The Uhlans withdrew, the wife came from her hiding-place, and the pig was not eaten by the Prussians.

THE NEW GERMAN FRONTIER.

IN reference to the various lines of frontier which have been sketched out by German politicians as a compensation for their sacrifices in the war, "the most ambitious scheme propounded," says a correspondent, "commences with a proposal to annex the strip of France which lies between the Meuse and Belgium on the north, making the German frontier begin at a line drawn from Charlemont to Givet, and taking in Mézières and Sedan. But the less sanguine would be content with a frontier on a line drawn between Longwy and Montmédy (included), and following the bank of the Meuse to Metz, and including that strong place; then running south and east by Pont-à-Mousson to the line of the Seille, taking in Marsal and the coal and iron fields of the district, and Phalsbourg, etc. Here there is a divergence of opinion. Some would take the line of the Saar, and strike down to St. Dié, Marle-aux-Mênes, and so by Thann and Mulhouse to Belfort (included). Others would demand the Meurthe up to Luneville and Nancy, which might or might not be left to France, as matters turned out, and then come south on the Moselle at Remiremont, and from it draw a line to Belfort. From Belfort there is no doubt that Montbéliard, inside a line drawn southward, and thence a strip between the Doubs and the Swiss frontier, would be sought, so as to include the railway from Paris to Neufchâtel at Pontarlier. This would give Germany a safe frontier against her aggressive neighbor, and place a broad, thick veil between the longing eyes of France and her Rhine boundary."

HOW THE "TIMES" WAS SENT INTO PARIS.

THE London *Times* of January 31 says: "Attempts to establish a ready communication between the beleaguered inhabitants in Paris and their relatives and friends beyond the German lines have given rise to many contrivances which are not unlikely to make a new era in the history of aeronautics and photography. Among them may be mentioned the ingenious device by which the matter of two whole pages of the *Times* has been transmitted from London to Paris. This has been accomplished by photography. Those pages of the paper which contained communications to relatives in Paris were photographed with great care by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company, on pieces of thin and almost transparent paper, about an inch and a half in length by an inch in width. On these impressions there could be seen by the naked eye only two legible words, '*The Times*,' and six narrow brown bands, representing the six columns of printed matter forming a page of the newspaper. Under the microscope, however, the brown spaces became legible, and every line of the newspaper was found to have been distinctly copied, and with the greatest clearness. The photographs were sent to Bordeaux for transmission thence by carrier pigeon to Paris. When received there they were magnified, by the aid of the magic-lantern, to a large size, and thrown upon a screen. A staff of clerks immediately transcribed the messages, and sent them off to the places indicated by the advertisers. The success of this experiment gives rise to the hope that the new art of compressing printed matter into a small compass will not stop here. If a page of the *Times* can be compressed into a space little larger than that occupied by a postage stamp, the matter of an octavo volume might be made to cover not more than two of its own pages, and a library could be reduced to the dimensions of the smallest prayer-book."

GARIBALDI AND HIS CORPS.

A LETTER from Dijon, in the *Cross Gazette* of Berlin, dated January 15, says: "I find myself here in the midst of Garibaldi's Army of the Vosges. The streets of the old capital of the Dukes of Burgundy are filled with red-shirts and francs-tireurs. Mobiles are also strongly represented. The railway station is crammed with troops, and accessions are daily arriving. The Vosges army, since the German attack on Autun, has grown to a very respectable strength. All the divisions are in uniform, and mostly furnished with breech-loaders. The Genoese Jägers are armed with Chassepots, and with the Spaniards form Garibaldi's body-guard. Many of the francs-tireurs are equipped with Remington rifles, which, according to competent persons, have proved the best weapon in this war. Garibaldi's quarters are at the Prefecture, as also the offices of the staff, at the head of which is Colonel Bordone, a very intelligent man, but little acquainted with war. He was formerly a physician. Though of Italian descent, he is French by birth, and more attached to his new country than to Italy. He is disliked by the greater part of the Italians in the army, and is violently attacked in the Italian papers. Two well-known officers, Colonels Lobbia and Canzio, are on the staff. The former recently received the command of a brigade. Both have expressed to me their conviction that a skillfully conducted guerrilla war might bring the Germans into great difficulties if systematically and persistently carried on at all points. Both Ricciotti and Menotti Garibaldi are with their corps at advanced posts. I visited General Bosak, who commands the First Brigade, and became well known in the last Polish rising, and was received with the greatest civility. I found in his tent several Poles, including a Major Bohdan, who formerly served in the Russian army. General Bosak is much beloved in the army, and is a brave and skillful officer, trained in the Caucasus. The artillery was hitherto the weak point of the Vosges army. Three weeks ago Garibaldi had little more than a few batteries of small mountain-guns drawn by mules. Recently matters have quite altered. He has received not only a sufficient number of field-guns, but mitrailleuses, with which he will very probably make a stand against the Prussian artillery. I have seen Garibaldi twice; his snow-white beard and pale face give him the appearance of a warrior nearing the grave. His wounds do not permit him to walk or ride; he is carried in a litter, whence he gives orders during the battle."

GERMAN WAR TROPHIES.

THE *Staats Anzeiger* states that up to the end of 1870 the war trophies of the German armies had amounted to 11,160 officers and 333,885 men (unwounded prisoners), 4640 guns, and 115 eagles and colors. Of the prisoners 232 officers and 25,490 men belong to Alsace and German Lorraine, and 78,995 are unable to read or write, while 6250 can only read; 48 officers and 586 men have died, and 38 officers and 48 men have deserted.

HONORS TO GENERAL UHRICH.

THE municipal authorities of Strasburg have just forwarded to General Uhrich, at Montreux, a diploma constituting him a citizen of the place which he so gallantly defended. This was only the fulfillment of a resolution adopted during the last few days of the siege, and the German rulers had a sufficient respect for the General to offer no opposition to the measure.

SUMMARY JUSTICE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

ONE incident of the battle before Paris was (says a correspondent) very peculiar. A man was shot on the field for a crime. He was a private in the 119th regiment of the line. He had, for some reason or other, perhaps not expecting to be discovered, shot his captain in the battle. Summary justice was executed upon him. Half a dozen men were told aside to shoot him. He fell, but not dead, it seems. By-and-by came the "brancardiers," as they are called—that is, the stretcher-bearers—and see a wounded but living man on the field. They propose to carry him away. The soldiers of the regiment see what they are doing, and warn them off. They find that the man they had shot is still alive. They lift him up to see if he can stand, intending to shoot him again; but he falls flat on the ground with a heavy thud. A soldier levels his gun at him as he lies on the ground, apparently quite conscious. The ball hits, but does not take effect. The man still lives. Then another soldier comes forward and tries. There is something wrong with his gun, and it does not go off. A third soldier then tries, and he at last succeeds. He sends a ball through the head of the poor wretch who had killed his captain. A battle is horrible enough in itself, but an execution like this in the midst of it is worse than all. Perhaps a few more executions would be of use to the discipline of the French army. The republican authorities are much too mild to the sins of the soldiers.

A PARIS RESTAURANT.

"WHEN I went into the restaurant to dine to-day," writes a "besieged resident"—"it is the best restaurant in Paris just now—the waiter brought me the usual cover; but he said, 'Have you brought your bread with you? We have no

bread. Since bread is so strictly rationed all our friends will have to bring their own bread.' I said, 'No, I have no bread—I did not know that I was to bring my portion with me. Try and get me some for to-day. I shall know better to-morrow.' He brought me a small piece of unwholesome-looking bread, which I could not eat. I happened to be ill, and took a capricious but mortal hatred to this piece of bread. In token of my eternal enmity I put it on the opposite side of the little square table at which I was dining, and regarded it at a distance. Presently came others to dine at the tables near me. On my left side came to sit a captain in the uniform of the Éclaireurs de Seine and a colonel of Mobiles; on my right a young lady dressed in black, and demure as a Quakeress, but evidently of a class for which Paris is famous. In a little while my companions to right and left had eaten up their bread, and began to look wistfully at mine. Says the colonel of Mobiles to me—a stranger whom I had never before met—'Monsieur, are you going to eat your bread, or are you going to take it away? If not, may I have some of it?' 'You may have it all, colonel; I have had enough.' He took half of it, and shared that half with his friend the captain; whereupon struck in Mlle. Cocotte, saying, 'And may I have the other half? Permit me.' This is a trifling incident—the sharing of a bit of bread, which a sick man was unable to eat, between a couple of soldiers and a lady of Lorette; but it is characteristic of the day; and I could not help feeling that those who chewed their slender portion of half-baked bread to-day—a portion so small and so bitter that it may be taken as the symbol of many privations, and must awaken many fears—would, if they were capable of serious thought, be led, as they made the most of their hard fare, to think with all the more gloom of General Trochu's failure at Buzenval, and of Chanzy's retreat upon Mayence."

WILLING PRISONERS.

AN amusing incident is told by a correspondent, which illustrates the utterly demoralized condition of the French army. Two dragoons found themselves surrounded and about to be taken prisoners by thirty Mobiles. One of them could speak a little French, and one of the French soldiers was an Alsatian, who could speak a little German; there was thus no difficulty in communicating. The dragoons refused to surrender, on an entirely new and original ground. "If we go with you," said they, "we shall share your discomfort; but if you come with us you will share our comfort, and escape all the dangers and hardships of the war. On the whole, you will gain far more in letting us take you than by making prisoners of us." This reasoning proved irresistible, and the two dragoons rode back to their regiment with their thirty Mobiles following them like sheep. The Grand Duke was so much pleased with the tact which the two dragoons had displayed upon the occasion that he made them each a handsome present, which, alas! one of them was not destined long to enjoy, for he was shot dead in the action a few hours later.

CORAL AND CORAL REEFS.

THE polypes which give rise to the white coral are found, it may be said, in the seas of all parts of the world; but in the temperate and cold oceans they are scattered and comparatively small in size, so that the skeletons of those which die do not accumulate in any considerable quantity. But it is otherwise in the greater part of the ocean which lies in the warmer parts of the world, comprised within a distance of about 1800 miles on each side of the equator. Within the zone thus bounded by far the greater part of the ocean is inhabited by coral polypes, which not only form very strong and large skeletons, but associate together into great masses, like the thickets and the meadow turf, or, better still, the accumulations of peat, to which plants give rise on the dry land. These masses of stony matter, heaped up beneath the waters of the ocean, become as dangerous to mariners as so much ordinary rock; and to these, as to common rock ridges, the seaman gives the name of "reefs."

Such coral reefs cover many thousand square miles in the Pacific and in the Indian oceans. There is one reef, or rather great series of reefs, called the Barrier Reef, which stretches, almost continuously, for more than eleven hundred miles off the east coast of Australia. Multitudes of the islands in the Pacific are either reefs themselves, or are surrounded by reefs. The Red Sea is in many parts almost a maze of such reefs; and they abound no less in the West Indies, along the coast of Florida, and even as far north as the Bahama Islands. But it is a very remarkable circumstance that, within the area of what we may call the "coral zone," there are no coral reefs upon the west coast of America, nor upon the west coast of Africa; and it is a general fact that the reefs are interrupted, or absent, opposite the mouths of great rivers. The causes of this apparent caprice in the distribution of coral reefs are not far to seek. The polypes which fabricate them require for their vigorous growth a temperature which must not fall below 68° Fahrenheit all the year round, and this temperature is only to be found within the distance on each side of the equator which has been mentioned, or thereabout. But even within the coral zone this degree of warmth is not everywhere to be had. On the west coast of America, and on the corresponding coast of Africa, currents of cold water from the icy regions which surround the south pole set northward, and it appears to be due to their cooling influence that the sea in these regions is free from the reef-builders. Again, the coral polypes can not live in water which is rendered brackish by floods from the land, or which is perturbed by mud from the same source, and hence it is that they cease to exist opposite the mouths of rivers, which damage them in both these ways.

Such is the general distribution of the reef-building corals; but there are some very interesting and singular circumstances to be observed in the conformation of the reefs, when we consider them individually. The reefs, in fact, are of three different kinds: some of them stretch out from the shore, almost like a prolongation of the beach, covered only by shallow water, and in the case of an island, surrounding it like a fringe of no considerable breadth. These are termed "fringing reefs." Others are separated by a channel, which may attain a width of many miles, and a depth of twenty or thirty fathoms or more, from the nearest land; and when this land is an island, the reef surrounds it like a low wall, and the sea between the reef and the land is, as it were, a moat inside this wall. Such reefs as these are called "encircling" when they surround an island, and "barrier" reefs when they stretch parallel with the coast of a continent. In both these cases there is ordinary dry land inside the reef, and separated from it only by a narrower or a wider, a shallower or a deeper, space of sea, which is called a "lagoon," or "inner passage." But there is a third kind of reef, of very common occurrence in the Pacific and Indian oceans, which goes by the name of an "atoll." This is, to all intents and purposes, an encircling reef, without any thing to encircle; or, in other words, without an island in the middle of its lagoon. The atoll has exactly the appearance of a vast, irregularly oval, or circular, breakwater, inclosing smooth water in its midst. The depth of the water in the lagoon rarely exceeds twenty or thirty fathoms, but outside the reef it deepens with great rapidity to two hundred or three hundred fathoms. The depth immediately outside the barrier, or encircling reefs, may also be very considerable; but at the outer edge of a fringing reef it does not amount usually to more than twenty or twenty-five fathoms; in other words, from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty feet.

Thus, if the water of the ocean could be suddenly drained away, we should see the atolls rising from the sea-bed like vast truncated cones, and resembling so many volcanic craters, except that their sides would be steeper than those of an ordinary volcano. In the case of the encircling reefs, the cone, with the inclosed island, would look like Vesuvius with Monte Nuovo within the old crater of Somma; while, finally, the island with a fringing reef would have the appearance of an ordinary hill, or mountain, girded by a vast parapet, within which would lie a shallow moat; and the dry bed of the Pacific might afford grounds for an inhabitant of the moon to speculate upon the extraordinary subterranean activity to which these vast and numerous "craters" bore witness!

When the structure of a fringing reef is investigated, the bottom of the lagoon is found to be covered with fine whitish mud, which results from the breaking up of the dead corals. Upon this muddy floor there lie, here and there, growing corals, or occasionally great blocks of dead coral, which have been torn by storms from the outer edge of the reef, and washed into the lagoon. Shell-fish and worms of various kinds abound; and fish, some of which prey upon the coral, sport in the deeper pools. But the corals which are to be seen growing in the shallow waters of the lagoon are of a different kind from those which abound on the outer edge of the reef, and of which the reef is built up. Close to the seaward edge of the reef, over which, even in calm weather, a surf almost always breaks, the coral rock is incrusted with a thick coat of a singular vegetable organism, which contains a great deal of lime—the so-called *Nullipora*. Beyond this, in the part of the edge of the reef which is always covered by the breaking waves, the living, true reef-polypes make their appearance, and in different forms coat the steep seaward face of the reef to a depth of one hundred or even one hundred and fifty feet. Beyond this depth the sounding-lead rests, not upon the wall-like face of the reef, but on the ordinary shelving sea bottom; and the distance to which a fringing reef extends from the land corresponds with that at which the sea has a depth of twenty or five-and-twenty fathoms.

If, as we have supposed, the sea could be suddenly withdrawn from around an island provided with a fringing reef, such as the Mauritius, the reef would present the aspect of a terrace, its seaward face, a hundred feet or more high, blooming with the animal flowers of the coral, while its surface would be hollowed out into a shallow and irregular moat-like excavation.

The coral mud which occupies the bottom of the lagoon, and with which all the interstices of the coral skeletons which accumulate to form the reef are filled up, does not proceed from the washing action of the waves alone; innumerable fishes, and other creatures which prey upon the coral, add a very important contribution of finely triturated calcareous matter; and the corals and mud becoming incorporated together, gradually harden and give rise to a sort of limestone rock, which may vary a good deal in texture. Sometimes it remains friable and chalky, but, more often, the infiltration of water, charged with carbonic acid, dissolves some of the calcareous matter, and deposits it elsewhere in the interstices of the nascent rock, thus gluing and cementing the particles together into a hard mass; or it may even dissolve the carbonate of lime more extensively, and redeposit it in a crystalline form. On the beach of the lagoon, where the coral sand is washed into layers by the action of the waves, its grains become thus fused together into strata of a limestone so hard that they ring when struck with a hammer, and inclined at a gentle angle, corresponding with that of the surface of the beach. The hard parts of the many animals which live upon the reef become embedded in this coral limestone, so that a block may be full of shells of bivalves and univalves, of sea-urchins, and even sometimes incloses the eggs of turtles in a state of petrifaction. The active and vigorous growth of the reef goes on only at the seaward margins, where the polypes are exposed to the wash of the surf, and are thereby provided with an abundant supply of air and of food. The interior portion of the reef may be regarded as almost wholly an accumulation of dead skeletons. Where a river comes down from the land there is a break in the reef, for the reasons which have been already mentioned.

The origin and mode of formation of a fringing reef, such as that just described, are plain enough. The embryos of the coral polypes have fixed themselves upon the submerged shore of the island, as far out as they could live, namely, to a depth of twenty or twenty-five fathoms. One generation has succeeded another, building itself up upon the dead skeletons of its predecessor. The mass has been consolidated by the infiltration of coral mud, and hardened by partial solution and redeposition, until a great rampart of coral rock one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet high on its seaward face has been formed all round the island, with only such gaps as result from the outflow of rivers, in the place of sally-ports.

THE FOOD OF BESIEGED PARIS.

THE sufferings of the Parisians during their siege have, amidst many sterner and sadder lessons, taught us to realize the full force of the proverb that "Nature creates nothing in vain." The French stock-pot has always had a high reputation for economy and for power to transmute into wholesome and palatable food scraps which an American housewife would cast aside as worthless or even offensive. But however miscellaneous its contents in past times may have been, there was doubtless some law of exclusion, and perhaps a line was drawn between the national delicacy, frogs, and their congeners, the objects of universal loathing. Necessity, however, knows no law, and often teaches men that their most time-honored restrictions are only prejudices in disguise. This lesson beleaguered Paris has taught. True to her mission, she has, even in her sufferings, ceased not to contribute to the gastronomy of Europe, and may fairly boast that her *batteries de cuisine* have borne their share in keeping the investing army at bay.

According to some calculations, Paris should have capitulated from starvation in about two months, and that she was able to defer the evil day proves that these calculations were based either upon Prussian hopes or imperfect data. The fact is that the Teuton, whether English or German, is accustomed to so much larger a proportion of animal food than the Frenchman that he fancies starvation must be the result of any diminution in this particular. It is stated on good authority that while in London the average quantity of meat consumed per diem is about half a pound to each person, it falls as low as one-sixth of a pound in Paris. Nor is this deficiency made up by an increased consumption of fish, for it is notorious that no city is better supplied with this article of food than London, and that not for the tables of the wealthy alone, but for all classes of the community.

But, besides this, we must take into account a certain boldness which our French friends display in adapting all the gifts of nature to feeding purposes. Here there still exists a prejudice in many minds even against mushrooms; in France a vast number of funguses, which we indiscriminately call toad-stools, are highly relished. Our salad herbs are the products of the kitchen-garden; our neighbors cull them from the fields and hedges; and, lastly, hippophagy, which has made no progress among us, is an institution of respectable antiquity in Paris. It is true that the demand for horse-flesh has been artificially quickened by the failure of other meat supplies; but long before the siege it was a recognized article of food in the French capital, and *la viande de cheval* was consciously eaten and openly praised. Some of us have no doubt partaken of, and perhaps relished, the same flesh; for it is said to enter largely into the composition of potted meats, and, on account of its hard fibrin, is in request with the makers of German sausages and Bolognas. We are, however, under the impression that it has not hitherto been recognized as a competitor with beef, with which we are inclined to remain content, in spite of the dictum of Dr. Amédée Latour, that it is "moins accentué de goût, moins parfumé, moins résistant de sapidité than horse-flesh.

From hippophagy to onophagy is a slight step, and one which we should have described as a descent had not recent authorities assured us, on their own experience, that for table purposes the flesh of the ass is superior to that of the horse. The cuticle must be tough, or rendered tender by a process more familiar to school-boys than to cooks; but there is good reason to believe that the flesh beneath is delicate, and in flavor not unlike venison. It is, moreover, a classical dish. Both the Greeks and the Romans held it in estimation, and it was introduced into the cuisine of the latter by no less a personage than Mæcenas, the friend of Virgil and Horace, and the leader of fashion.

With regard to rats, eaten during the investment of Paris, we confess to entertaining a perhaps unreasonable distaste. It probably requires the stern persuasion of a siege to convince the ordinary human stomach that these unpleasant rodents are palatable food. And yet in other quarters of the globe people are not so particular. In Brazil the negroes eat them with avidity, and there is not a more popular dish among the native population of the West Indies than a fricassee of rats which have been caught in the sugar plantations. We can understand that where the rat, who is generally a very promiscuous feeder, has been restricted to a vegetable diet, his flesh might be wholesome; but we fear that our objections would be insurmountable in the case of an animal which had been captured in the sewers of a great city, and nourished upon the garbage and offal which accumulate there. To divest them of their repulsiveness, we should need the skill of a Chinese *chef*, whose recipe for rat-brains, with garlic and camphor sauce, is said to excel any thing that Apicius ever devised or tasted. It is only fair to add that Mr. Wallace, the eminent naturalist, has expressed his opinion that the common idea of the food of an animal determining the quality of its meat is quite erroneous, and he cites the pertinent fact that carnivorous fish are not less delicate eating than herbivorous ones. Can the same be said of carnivorous birds?

The other domestic sources of meat supply during the investment of Paris have been cats and dogs. The former are no new substitutes for rabbits, and have been accepted as such for many a long year in the *barrière gargotes* of that city. Nevertheless, there is a remarkable absence of all precedent for employing cats as food, which can only be explained in one of two ways. Either there is in the nature of things that which forbids the conversion of the "harmless necessary cat" to such base uses, or else the supply of the animal in countries where other flesh is scarce has never been sufficient to suggest such uses. We incline to the latter belief, fortified not merely by the story of Dick Whittington, but by the provisions made in the ancient laws of Wales. A lawgiver, who died in the year 948, enacted that the price of a kitling before it could see should be a penny; if it caught a mouse, two-pence; and after it had graduated as a mouser, four-pence: and he farther enacted that whoever killed the granary cat should forfeit as much wheat as when poured on the cat suspended by its tail would form a heap upon the floor high enough to reach the tail's tip. No wonder that, thus defended, the cat bore a charmed life, and the reputation of a nine-fold vitality.

Dog-eating has been compared by a traveler to a low grade of cannibalism; and there is certainly something revolting in the notion that man, who has been truly called the god of the dog, should prey upon his votary. Yet Hippocrates, we suppose, spoke from experience when he described the flesh as a light and wholesome food, and we are told that it was freely eaten by the poor at Athens and Rome. In China the edible dog is a peculiar variety, resembling our Spitz dog in appearance, and certainly suggesting that appellation by its fate. It is fed principally upon vegetables and meal, and is said by one who has been bold enough to make the experiment to be good eating, and to combine in itself the mingled flavors of pork and lamb. On the whole, we must characterize these latest additions to our cuisine as the offspring of necessity rather than of taste.

TEA.

IT is said that half the human race drink tea of some sort or another; it is certain they are by no means agreed upon the proper method of preparing and drinking it. The Chinaman puts his tea in a cup, pours hot water upon it, and drinks the infusion off the leaves; he never dreams of spoiling its flavor with sugar or cream. The Japanese triturates the leaves before putting them into the pot. In Morocco they put green tea, a little tansy, and a great deal of sugar into a tea-pot, and fill up with boiling water. In Bokhara, every man carries a small bag of tea about him, a certain quantity of which he hands over to the booth-keeper he patronizes, who concocts the beverage for him. The Bokhariot finds it as difficult to pass a tea-booth as our own dram-drinker does to go by a gin-palace. His breakfast beverage is schitschaj—that is, tea flavored with milk, cream, or mutton fat in which bread is soaked. During the daytime sugarless green tea is drunk, with the accompaniment of cakes of flour and mutton suet. It is considered an inexcusable breach of manners to cool the hot cup of tea with the breath; but the difficulty is overcome by supporting the right elbow in the left hand, and giving a circular movement to the cup. How long each kind of tea takes to draw is calculated to the second; and when the can is emptied it is passed around among the company for each tea-drinker to take up as many leaves as can be held between the thumb and finger—the leaves being esteemed an especial dainty.

When Mr. Bell was traveling in Asiatic Russia he had to claim the hospitality of the Buratsky Arabs. The mistress of the tent, placing a large kettle on the fire, wiped it carefully with a horse's tail, filled it with water, and threw in some coarse tea and a little salt. When this was near boiling point she tossed the tea about with a brass ladle until the liquor became very brown, and then it was poured off into another vessel. Cleansing the kettle as before, the woman set it again on the fire, in order to fry a paste of meal and fresh butter. Upon this the tea and some thick cream were then poured, the ladle put into requisition, and, after a time, the whole taken off the fire and set aside to cool. Half-pint wooden mugs were handed round, and the tea ladled into them—a tea forming meat and drink, and satisfying both hunger and thirst. However made, tea is a blessed invention for the weary traveler. Hear M. Vambéry: "The picture of a newly encamped caravan in the summer months and on the steppes of Central Asia is a truly interesting one. While the camels, in the distance, but still in sight, graze greedily, or crush the juicy thistles, the travelers, even the poorest among them, sit with their tea-cups in their hands, and eagerly sip the costly beverage. It is nothing more than a greenish